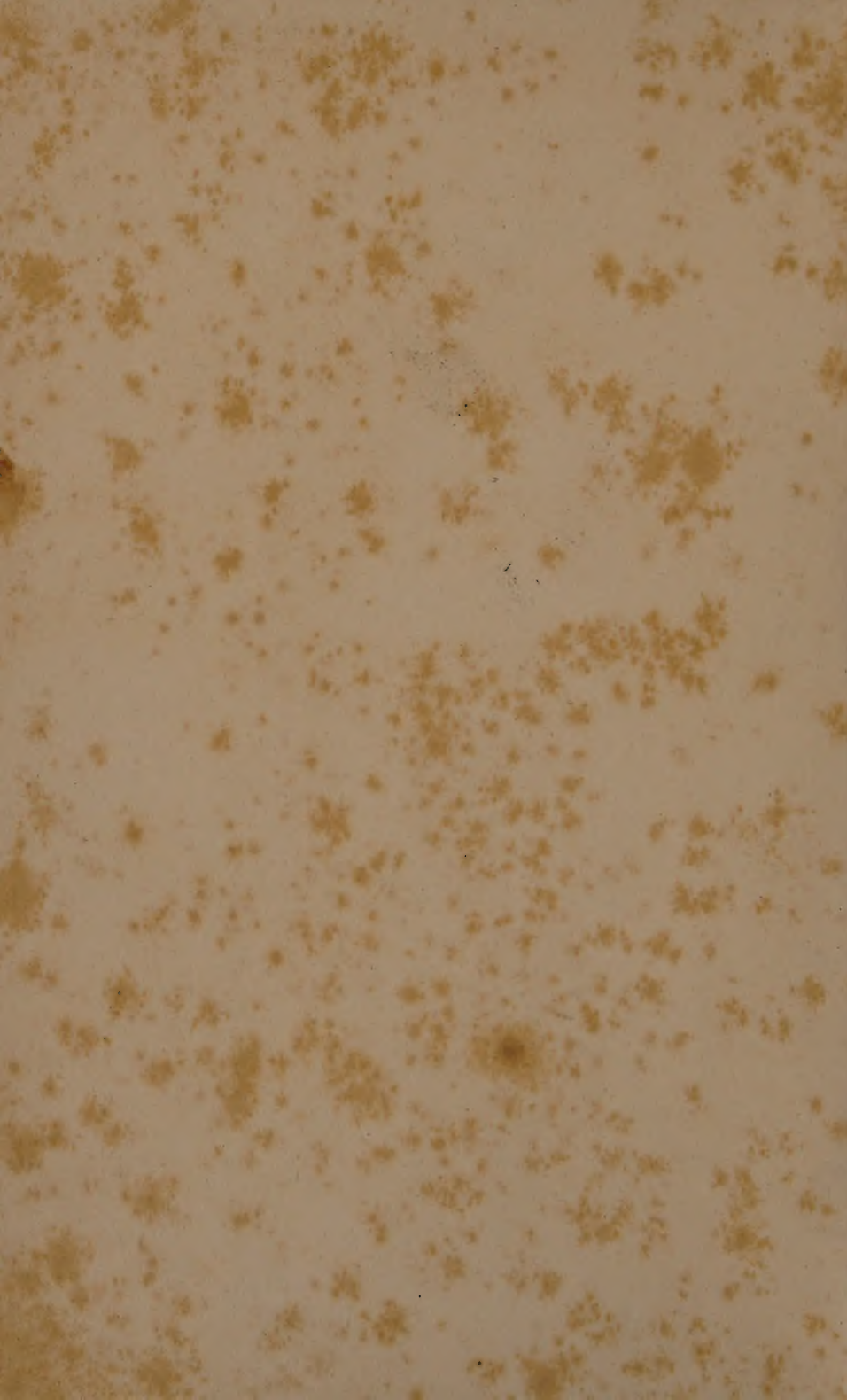
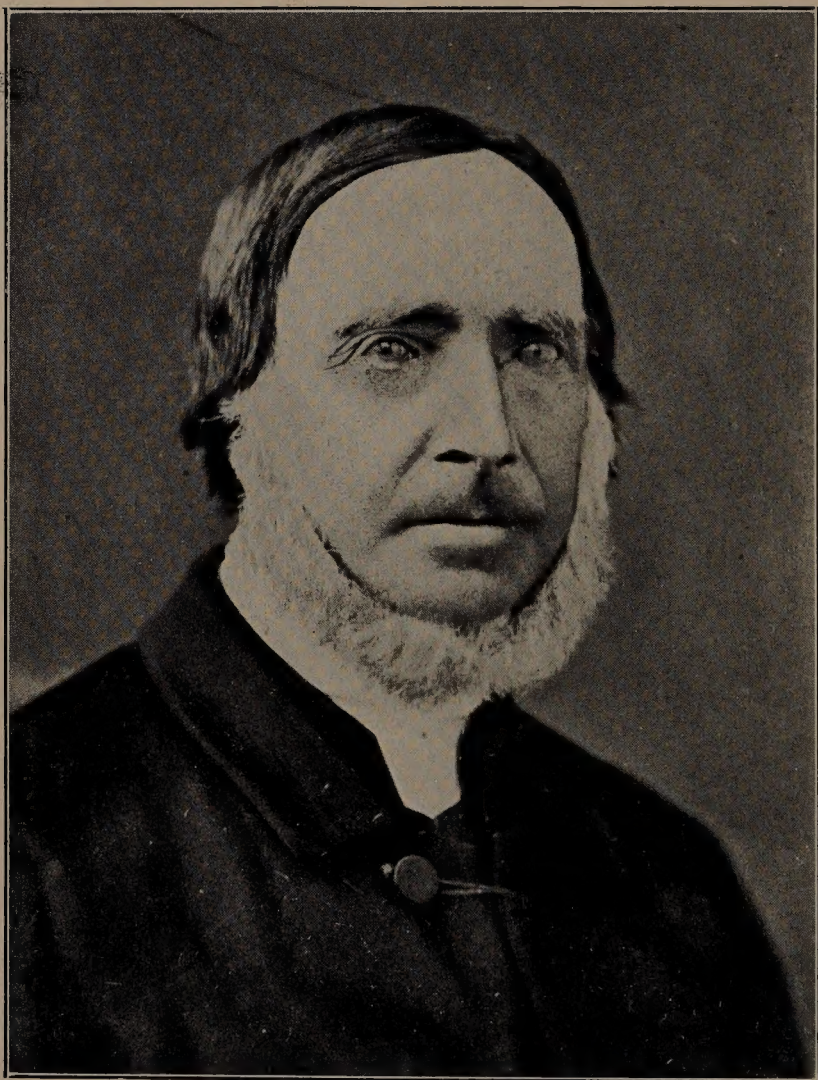


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W H Couster





yours truly
John Sanderson

John Sanderson the First

or, A Pioneer Preacher at
Home

BY
CAMILLA SANDERSON

With an Introduction by
REV. PROF. F. H. WALLACE, M.A., D.D.

Dean of the Faculty of Theology,
Victoria University,
Toronto



TORONTO
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1910

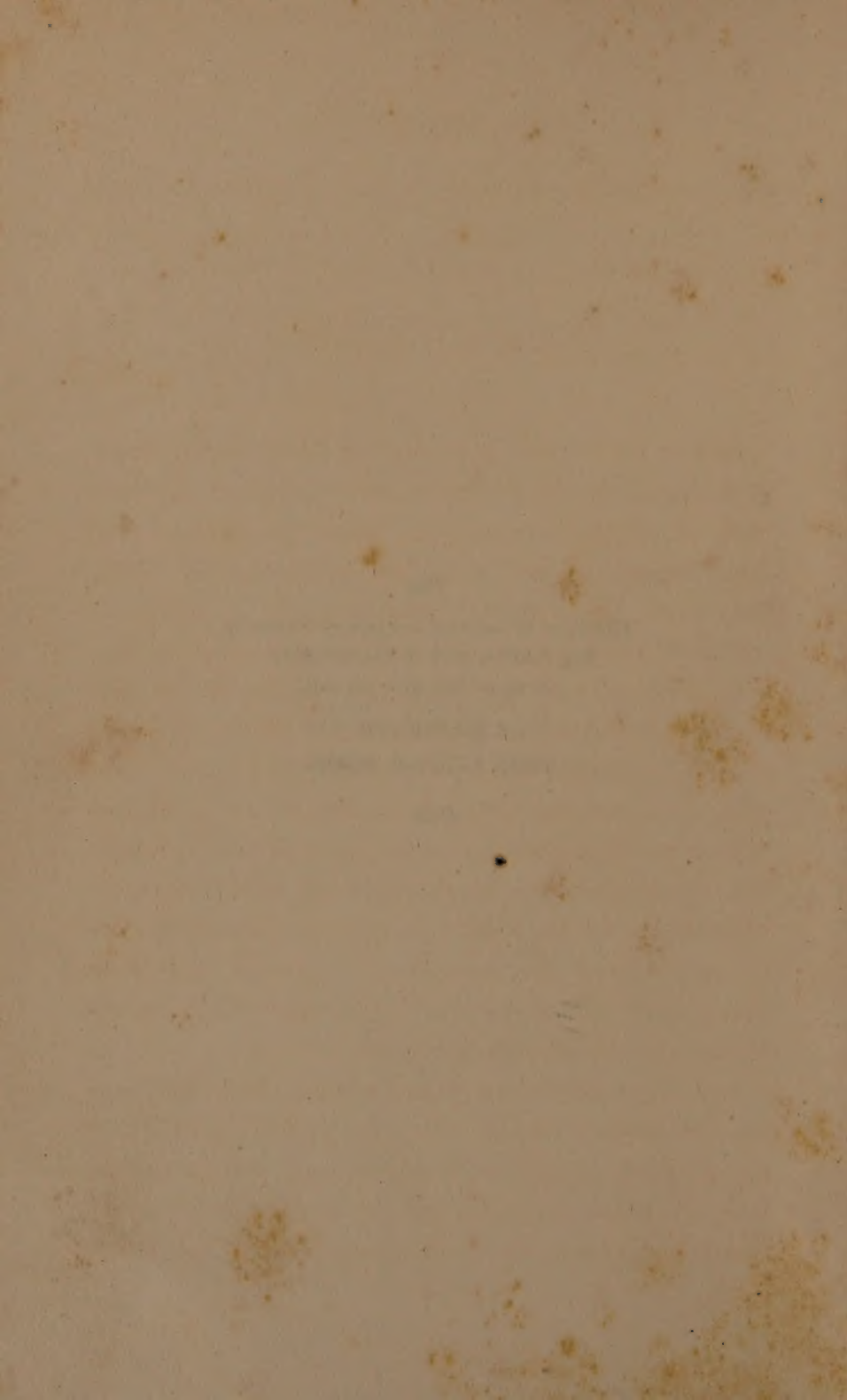
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CAMILLA SANDERSON

TO

The four of us who are left of Father's
big family, and to the children
born of his soul travail,

I DEDICATE
THIS LITTLE BOOK

C.S.



INTRODUCTION.

ONE of my earliest recollections of my introduction to the good city of Peterborough, Ontario, in 1878, is that of a brief conversation with the wife of the then superannuated Methodist minister, Rev. John Sanderson, the subject of this book.

I shall never forget the graphic account which Mrs. Sanderson gave of her early experiences of the itinerancy—the little log parsonage, set in the midst of a tiny clearing in the woods, walled in on every side with the dark, stately, primeval forest; her loneliness during the long absences of her husband on his extensive itineraries; her horror of the wolf's long howl through the dreary night. I count it a great pleasure to have known Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson and their family and now to be allowed to write a few words of introduction to this delightful volume.

Rev. John Sanderson was a typical Methodist minister of the old school, a man of excellent ability, a genial Irish temperament which made him at home everywhere, an unsullied record, a thoroughly useful career. He and his good English wife are to be

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reckoned among the men and women who have made Methodism, who have made Canada.

Their daughter has most lovingly and charmingly depicted their life and character. The style is fresh, naive, vivacious; the book abounds in graphic descriptions of places, persons and events; there are many touches both of humor and of pathos; there are frequent glimpses into the details of the daily life not only of the parsonage, but also of the general community of fifty years ago which make that period and that phase of our history live over again to the reader.

As we read, we see the people gathering from far and near to the old-time preaching service, the high-wrought interest of the quarterly meeting, the itinerant's long rides through the lonely forest, the trials and triumphs of a long and faithful ministry. But we also see such details of the home life as make the story intensely human. We are perhaps surprised to find in those earlier days, with what we had thought their "simple life," the insistence of that same problem of "domestic help" which we had supposed peculiar to our own time. We behold the flutter of household excitement when some great man, notably that prince of preachers, William Ryerson, visits the parsonage and the church. We have delightful reminiscences of such men as Kennedy Creighton, Edward Hartley Dewart, "Father" Case, Lachlin Taylor,

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S. S. Nelles and the Burwashes. We are amused at the story of Dr. Nelles' early experiences as Principal of the Newburgh Academy, how he got into serious trouble with some strait-laced people of the church for being so "frivolous" as to play ball with the boys of his school, and how the nimble-witted pastor, Mr. Sanderson, extricated him from his trouble. We read many names of men and women of somewhat later days, especially in Peterborough, who have reached high places in the Canadian world of our own time. As we pass rapidly on through these most readable pages we are constrained now to glow with a wholesome, old-time religious feeling, now to weep over the tender pathos of some touching incident, now to laugh at the Irish wit of the good-hearted preacher or at the comedy of some ludicrous situation. There are no dull pages in the book. And withal it is not only a very interesting, but also a very valuable contribution to the history of our Church and of our Province. It is a good book to brighten a dull hour, to warm a cold heart.

F. H. WALLACE.

VICTORIA COLLEGE, TORONTO,
May 9th, 1910.

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John Sanderson the First.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST PREACHING SERVICE IN CANADA.

MY father! God bless him! Gone across the borderline into the soul's home-land for almost thirty years, he still lives in the hearts of his children. Aye, and he lives, too, in the hearts and lives of hundreds of men and women, whose fathers and mothers knew him and were helped and strengthened along earth's toilsome ways by his unfailing sympathy, wise counsel and words of cheer.

He was not a popular preacher, except with the few who wanted everything in heaven as well as earth, in life and away beyond it, logically demonstrated. He was kindly to his heart's core, with a faith as simple as that of a child, and a personal charm that made friends everywhere.

On one of his circuits there lived a Roman Catholic priest, a fine scholar and a still finer man. He and father became warm friends. One of the priest's flock seeing them walking together one day, said to his companions, "Fur downright bare goodness, there's not a ha'porth's differ betwuxt thim, nor fur

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their kindness av heart, nayther; but fur the swate Irish wit av 'im, I'll take the Mithody parson ivery toime."

We children often asked father how old he was, but his replies were always more comical than satisfactory, and we finally concluded that, for some reason or other, he didn't mean to gratify our curiosity. In later years, as I began to study things out for myself, I decided that men, Irishmen in particular, were just as averse to disclosing the years of their earthly pilgrimage as any woman living, though her birthdays should be marked only on leap-year calendars. We knew that his birthday was on the 12th of June, and right merrily we teased him about not being as staunch an Orangeman as he professed to be, or he would have waited till the 12th of July, an out-and-out Orangeman's only Twelfth. But when the dear lips could no longer frame quaint answers to our questions, we found out that, on the day he "fell on sleep," August 13th, 1880, he was ninety years, two months and one day.

As children it struck us as very droll that father nearly always addressed mother as "my child," or "my dear child." To some of us, who were of a literal turn of mind, the complexity of their relationship was a grave puzzle; so one day we went in a body, determined to find out how our blessed mother, who only laughed softly when we asked her, could be our father's wife and his child at the same time. He answered, "Well, then, since you're so inquisitive, I'll tell you, and I'll divide my answer, like my sermons, into Firstly, Secondly, and Thirdly. Now, are

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you all listening? Well, firstly, I call her 'child' because I love her very dearly, but I'm not fond of her Christian name. Secondly, because I got into the habit of it before I ever dreamed that she would be my wife or your mother, and I possess a goodly share of 'the grace of continuance.' Thirdly, and lastly, I call her 'My child' because she is a great many years younger than I am; indeed, I was a man grown in my native land, with a wife and baby boy, while your mother was playing with her toes in her English cradle across the Channel."

I am not so happy as I'd like to be in reading the paragraph allotted to my father in Rev. Dr. Carroll's history of Canadian Methodism.* As a bald statement of facts, summarized into convenient brevity, it is perfectly accurate, but it gives no true impression of him to readers who never came under the spell of his genial personality. And this is why I have been led to try and give a description of him as he was at home and among close friends. This can best be done, I fancy, by word-pictures of scenes which memory has of late recalled, wherein the real nature of the man as husband, father, and friend are clearly though but incidentally revealed.

In addition to these are scenes never witnessed by any of us children, but of which we had heard accounts so graphic that memory's record is clear and vivid still. One such took place in June, or more probably, July, 1831, the year father came out to Canada. Because of his gifts as a preacher, his personal attractiveness, and a general aptitude for minis-

* "Case and his Contemporaries," Vol. IV., page 297.

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terial work, he had, after due probation, been recommended to the Irish Methodist Conference as a candidate for full connection with the ministry. The rules of that body forbade this, as he was already married; but, as is always the case with those who follow God's leading, no sooner was this door closed than another was opened. From across the waters came the written call of friendly hearts who knew and loved him, "Come out to this new land; we need you. Come over and help us, the harvest here is plenteous, but the laborers are few."

His soul heard that call; and, as the matter became food for daily thought, and a subject of constant prayer, he came to feel glad that under the wing of another body of Methodists he was free to answer.

Love of home, and friends, and native land, was strong. His wife, a sweet and gentle woman of earnest piety, felt her heart almost fail her at the prospect of final separation from all her life-long associations and friends as well as her relatives, to cross that wild waste of waters with her children, some of them very young, and to set up her home-tent in that far western land of which she had heard much, but which yet seemed a sort of howling wilderness of fierce, wild beasts, and of Indians, fiercer and more savage still. But love of God, whose voice she had heard in that far-off cry, "We need you," and love of husband, in whose fitness for missionary work she believed with all her heart, moved her to a brave struggle against all her woman's doubts and fears, that so she might do her part well and truly.

The last wrench proved hardest of all, as she and

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father visited for the last time the grave of their first-born, knowing that their tears would never again mingle over the little mound where their early married hopes lay buried. Then came the voyage across the Atlantic, a perilous undertaking in those days. And here their faith was sorely tried by the illness and death of their little daughter, Margaret, too frail to bear the chill of the rude ocean winds. Who can portray their agony of soul when, by the captain's orders, the tiny coffin was lowered into the sea, and the mighty waves closed heedlessly over it, leaving no trace of what to them was the tragedy of their lives.

Then came the landing in this new country that seemed so big and strange, the tedious journey up the St. Lawrence in barge-boats, and the equally tedious, and still more wearisome, journey inland to the scene of future labor. After weeks of weary toiling the backwoods home was comfortably established; and then there came a Saturday afternoon when throughout the adjacent parts of the townships of Cavan and Monaghan, where father's special friends had settled, there seemed to be a general air of expectancy, a subdued hilarity, accompanied by moist eyes and looks that betrayed the distance to which thought had travelled. Mothers and daughters looked carefully to the condition of the family wardrobe, some articles of which, alas, had long since passed beyond the boundary line of their ideas of respectability; but by dint of sewing up a rent here and laying on a patch there, even the younger members were made to pass muster. The men-folks and the boys saw to it that the horses were all right, if they had any, and the

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harness or saddles were in good repair. In many cases, however, horned steeds were all that the good people possessed, and so in the summer season they must either walk or stay at home. In this instance staying at home was not to be thought of, for were they not once more to have the privilege of "assembling themselves together" as had been their wont in the happy years gone by, and to listen to the public reading of God's Word, and to His lessons of grace and wisdom from the lips of His servant, commissioned by Him for special duty, and prepared for that duty by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, whose sword of Truth he was expected to wield with a skill taught only by the Master Himself to such as leave all to follow Him.

The younger ones took themselves early to bed; for their elders there was little or no sleep that night. Memory was so busy with the past, and reawakened hope with the future, that "Nature's sweet restorer" was dethroned, and for the time being banished.

Their souls were uplifted to regions where communion with high thought and with God proved sweeter than sleep.

In one home, newly built, of which every log and beam and rafter, every door and window-sill had been cut and hewn and sawed and planed by the strong hands of the owner, urged to deftness and speed by expectant love—in this home there was a joy beyond that of the others, for into its shelter had come a blithe young bride, who had come away from her dear Irish home under the protecting care of the missionary and his wife. What courage she had! But her

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courage and trust were both rewarded by the lifelong love of as true a heart as ever breathed. William Morrow and his wife were well and widely known in Methodist circles, and honored wherever known. Their sons, William, brother-in-law of Senator Geo. A. Cox, Thomas, and Edward, the youngest, who entered the ministry and did good work, but was early called to his reward, were dedicated to God from their birth, gifts of human love to love Divine.

Sunday morning dawned, a glorious Canadian summer day, sunshine everywhere; fields of grain, patches of corn and potatoes, and bits of kitchen garden, gladdening the hearts of the toilers, while the forests stretched wide on every hand.

It was all beautiful, and grand, and inspiringly hopeful. Father went on horseback to his appointment, and, as was his wont, went early, tied his horse to a tree on the edge of the woods, and took his place behind the desk that was to do duty for a pulpit. As half-past ten drew near the congregation gathered from every direction, some by the one road, rough and crooked, that was visible for but a few rods on either side of the school-house; some by bridle-paths through the woods; others by short cuts across the fields, till the place was full. Last of all, and just when the service was about to begin, a well-built, fine-looking man appeared at the door, looked around for a seat near by, and, finding none, sat down on the steps, which were shaded by the overhanging trees.

The hush of the spirit of worship was upon all hearts, so greetings were deferred by common consent

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till after service, which was begun by singing that grand old hymn,

“From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator’s praise arise;
Let the Redeemer’s name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.”

The hymn closes with the Doxology, and by the time these warm-hearted worshippers had reached the last verse tears were running down tender and weather-beaten cheeks alike; there were broken chords in the music, and impetuous, half-suppressed cries of “Bless the Lord!” “Hallelujah!” “Praise be to God!” The opening prayer was one never to be forgotten, and under its spell long-pent-up feelings broke loose, the flood-gates of memory opened wide, and men and women sobbed together in a strange mingling of emotions. Men who would have borne any sorrow, any pain, any privation, without a murmur, melted to tears under the sound of the preacher’s voice, heard last in the pretty home-chapel on that green isle far away. All they had left behind them, all they had met of trial in the new land where graves were increasing in number year by year, all they hoped for, both for time and eternity, combined to form a wave of emotion so mighty as to threaten the sweeping away of all self-control. But soon the preacher’s voice gained steadiness and force, and his stronger soul led them, even on the crest of the wave, into a quiet harbor of still deeper feeling, where above his voice, and above the sobs of the people, the Master was heard to speak, and His “Peace, be still!”

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brought a great calm. Then they sang "Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing," straight through the three double verses. When they came to the last two lines,

"Here's my heart,
Oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above."

it was as if the spirit of consecration had settled like a dove upon every heart. The reading of Scripture followed, then another hymn, and then the sermon.

The text was the first clause of the fifth verse of the 84th Psalm: "Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee." Greatly moved was the preacher. He had felt, as only a strong man can feel, all that was implied in leaving the land of his birth; he had met hardship and sorrow on the way to this land of his adoption; and it needed no spirit of prophecy to convince him that in this his chosen calling, poverty and trial and difficulty, possibly grief and affliction, awaited him. These moved him not; but his heart yearned over these dear people, whose souls, like their own well-tilled fields, seemed so ready to respond to the influences of heavenly sunshine and shower. Those who had felt themselves famishing for old-time Sabbath privileges enjoyed a feast, as all the attributes of the Deity were portrayed to prove the invulnerable, exhaustless strength of the Almighty, from which the strength of His trusting children is drawn; and then, as the blessedness of that strength-producing trust was presented to their view and illustrated by facts in their own experience and his, their hearts were stilled by a great in-tide of holy confidence. And

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then they sang as "giants refreshed with new wine"
might sing,

" O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,"

through every line of the whole seven verses.

A fellowship-meeting followed. But who can describe the wonderful mingling of hymns of triumph, confessions of backsliding, clear notes of spirit-victories, minor chords when Faith's wings hung drooping, outbursts of praise and tears of penitence! Nobody heeded the passing of time, nobody thought of hunger or thirst. They were filled with a refreshing that seemed to them wondrously sweet.

But if that fellowship-meeting baffles description, what of the greetings afterwards? I have heard father say that they gathered about him, literally took him in their arms, laughed and cried in the same breath, grasped his hands on either side, and seemed as if they could not let him go.

And then when a chance was given him, the man who had sat on the doorstep during the service came forward, threw his left arm round father's shoulders, while their right hands met in such a clasp as only strong and loving hearts can give. He said, having been a familiar friend in the old land, "Don't laugh at me, John; I haven't a boot to my name, let alone to my foot, but when I heard you were to preach I vowed that no feeling of pride should keep me from hearing you, and I'm glad I came. God bless you, John, come and see me when you can, I have much to tell you."

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There was time only for a hurried bite out of some good sister's lunch-basket and a drink of milk, before mounting his horse and taking a bridle-path through the woods to his next appointment.

We often asked father the name of the man who came to the service in his bare feet, but he never would tell. All he would say was, "He had ample means at home [meaning in Ireland], but he didn't know how to keep things together out here. He was always a kind, good soul." We gathered that this old friend did not belong to the settlement in which the service was held, and with that we had to be content.

CHAPTER II.

IRISH TO THE CORE.

THERE have been a number of Sandersons connected with the various Methodist Conferences of Canada: Geo. R. Sanderson, who rose to the D.D. ranks; Joseph E. Sanderson, whose sermons, in my poor judgment, were much in advance of his poetry; John Sanderson, distinguished in Conference records as John the Second; the brothers, Robert and — Sanderson, who were father's cousins, but of such remote degree that only Irishmen could define it; William Sanderson, our own half-brother, and John Sanderson, our father, known on the books as John the First, better known in Methodist circles as Father Sanderson, and still better known on his old circuits as Daddy Sanderson, from a fashion which he had of saying, when difficulties were being discussed, "Come now, let your old Daddy advise you."

One at least of these men was an Englishman, but father was Irish, "one of the rale ould stock," without admixture of any sort whatever; and his love for his native land was simply a part of himself. He claimed that the Irish language was second to none, not even the Greek, in sweet expressiveness; and a tilt with some Gaelic-loving Scotchman as to the priority and superiority of their respective mother-

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tongues was something that had to be heard to be enjoyed, and was well worth hearing.

At times, very rare they were though, we succeeded in coaxing him to "speak to us in Irish," and then his tender utterance of the queer-sounding words bespoke his reverent love for the dear language learned and loved in his childhood. As we grew older, and this heart-rooted loyalty to his birth-land became a reality to us, we used to say, "Dad's as Irish as the murphies," referring, not to the descendants of that first Murphy, whose olive branches to the hundredth generation are known the wide world over as sons and daughters of Erin, but to the esculent tubers of the plant which in some way seems to belong by Divine right especially to Ireland.

The clannishness of Scotchmen has so impressed the world as to have passed into a proverb, but I'll vouch for it to my dying day that not a man of all the Caledonia clans could outrival father in his open preference for the people of that little green island far over the sea. The lilt of an Irish air would cause his keen blue eyes to sparkle, the brogue on the tongue of the strangest of strangers won its instant way to his heart, and, if needs be, to his purse.

As a natural result of such strength of feeling, if there was a cord of wood to be sawed and split, a fence to be built and post-holes to be dug, or the long, straight rows of potato hills to be hoed, a Pat, or a Mick, or a Tim, was sure to get the job. I am sorry to say that our mother was not always made increasingly happy by these arrangements, since her faith in Irishmen was born of experience and was

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limited to individuals; but, cheated and befooled by blarney-tongued rascality as father so often was, he would sigh and say, with a brogue as strong as any of them, "Oh, me counthry, what I suffer fur y'!" and then befriend the very next son of the Emerald Isle that fell in his way.

As children we were used to having all sorts of odds and ends of humanity about, and so were never surprised by any of the ordinary specimens; but one day we were specially attracted by the sound of a strange voice at the back door asking for "wurruk av anny koind." Father was soon on the spot, and, as usual, eagerly interested in the man's story. I can't remember now whether he had been shipwrecked on his way out, or if his wife and five children had died of smallpox, or if his cabin had been burned and all his household goods, including the pigs, had been destroyed, but I know that the tale of his woes was told with a pathetic earnestness which moved us all save mother, whose big gray eyes twinkled with mischievous incredulity. Father started for the garden, followed by four of us children, and by Tim Dolan, who had declared with the utmost solemnity, that "divvil a bit av him cud live fur a day widout worruk." Of course Dad would try and save the poor man's life by finding something for him to do, so we youngsters, who never missed the beginnings of things if we could help it, crowded ourselves as close to father as possible on the narrow garden path. Tim listened respectfully, cap in hand, while father showed him where the new fence was to be, and told him how he thought the work should be

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done; but he could not keep quiet long, and soon with eyes askance and his cap kept twirling all the while, he began, "Axin' yer riverince's pardin fur spakin' at all, at all, shure yer riverince spakes accordin' t' yer knowlidge." We children felt quite set up by this, as we thought it was Tim's way of commending father's superior wisdom; but we were soon undeceived when we caught sight of father's comical look, for he understood perfectly that the man meant to tell him politely that he didn't know what he was talking about.

Then came the terms of agreement, and we listened almost breathless while Tim seemed undecided, and still more so when he said, "Well, thin, yer riverince, let's say as I'll take 50 cints a day an' ye'll ate me, or ye'll gi' me 75 cints a day an' I'll ate mesilf." As we never suspected our good father of possessing, much less of indulging cannibalistic propensities, and as, after that one day's work Tim never again came about the place, we very reasonably concluded that he got the 75 cints an' ate himsilf. The question we then seriously discussed was, was that the Irish way of committing suicide? Some time later we got a little light on the subject, when mother, after making a careful survey of the bare half-day's work Tim had accomplished by sundown, said to father, "My dear, when Tim Dolan dies because he has nothing to do be sure and let me know; I'd like to attend his funeral." At this father laughed and said, "Dear heart, ye've got me now. I'm spacheless."

According to the law of heredity, and to the underlying principle rather than the broad, general state-

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ment of the Good Book, "Evil communications corrupt good manners," it is not surprising that we children, some of whom were as imitative as monkeys, should at times betray our semi-Irish origin, as well as our close association with those who by natural aptitude and continual practice had convinced their own family at least that the pulpit and the platform were the spheres of action to which they were born.

We were, so to speak, brought up on sermons and addresses, with ministers and lecturers for our nursing fathers, and so our amusements as often as not took the form of a prayer-meeting, a preaching service, a lecture or a debate. No doubt we often created much diversion for our elders by these imitative performances, but of that we were very happily in ignorance.

One day it fell to my lot to exhibit in full force the personal effects of these two laws of heredity and association, and in doing so to cover myself with confusion so confounding as to quench for a time my burning ambition "to be a preacher like father or William." We had held a quarterly service, and a fellowship meeting; then we had a temperance lecture or two, so this day we decided that we'd have a debate. Matt, being the big boy of the party, was to be chairman, Mary and I the debaters, and our little brother, Dick, and the baby sister were to do duty as audience. Our subject was, "Resolved that cats are more loving than dogs." Mary took the affirmative and led in the debate. I may just say in passing that this choice of a subject was hers, not because she was very specially fond of cats, but because her sym-

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pathies and protective instincts had been stirred up of late by the ill-usage our cat had received from a neighbor's dog.

She spoke on this wise: "Mr. Chairman, lady and gentleman, I want to prove to you that cats are more loving than dogs, and we all *know* that our cat is. Cats are very nice little animals, 'specially while they're kittens. They like to lie in the sunshine, and near the fire, and they wouldn't kill the dear little birds if we'd feed them with the things they like. They grow very fond of people who are kind to them, and they don't spit and scratch only when bad boys tease them and chase them."

A side-glance at the chairman at this moment caught the shadow of a scowl. I felt sure that my sister, in this her final defence of *her* side, had scored one for *mine*, and my wicked little soul was filled with unholy joy. It was my turn now, and I was eager for the fray. This was altogether an impromptu affair, so neither of us had had any chance for preparation, but I sprang from my seat and cried, "Yes, Mr. Chairman, that's cats all out. They just love the people that's good to them. That's only 'cup-board love,' Mr. Chairman. But give me a dog, a dear, noble dog, that'd share his last crust, even when he didn't have one; that'd follow his master when he didn't have anywhere to go. Why, Mr. Chairman, that kind of a dog'd lick the very hand that kicked him out of doors."

Quite overcome by my own eloquence, I sat down, expecting to hear the chairman's instant decision in favor of the negative; but no decision was given.

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Instead of performing his official duty, he only rolled on the floor and laughed until the tears came. Then shouting back at me, "Oh, just wait till I tell Dad!" he fled from the scene, leaving me utterly crushed, but quite unconscious why my red-hot arguments in favor of dogs should receive such humiliating treatment. It was only through the unmerciful teasing that followed that I came to understand how I had out-Irished the Irish and made myself unspeakably ridiculous. It was a bitter mortification, and it took me a long time to get over it, especially as I had always thought that to be Irish was something to be proud of. The one comfort I had, and that was a big one, was that father, though he laughed uproariously with the rest, put his arm round me and said, "It's me own little woman she is!" After that I didn't mind the teasing so much, since father would always claim me, and he was Irish through and through.

As I have said, the brogue, on even a stranger's tongue, won him over at once, and so the fact that one of his children took to it "like ducks to water" tickled and pleased him greatly. But our English mother, with her clear head and keen intuitions, was not in the least influenced by a man's manner of speech, no matter how broguey it might be. She had ways of judging of his honesty that had no more meaning for father than the hieroglyphics of the ancients, and her judgment as to a man's trustworthiness was rarely at fault. But this could not save her from the consequences of father's unwavering belief that all his countrymen were as honest-hearted as himself, the few exceptions who had failed to measure up to this

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standard only served to strengthen the rule. Sad experiences, oft repeated, failed to convince him, and so our mother came to look upon the case as hopeless, and to accept the inevitable with as good grace as each set of circumstances would permit. She possessed the grace of patience in a remarkable degree, and who shall say that the dear Irish husband of her had not, though all unconsciously, helped her to attain to this height of womanly excellence? So far as I can remember, the buying of potatoes was the transaction which almost invariably showed how easily a rogue could dupe our father, and how thoroughly, through all its length and breadth, a gracious forbearance had been cultivated by mother. We were a potato-eating family, and very discriminating as to quality, after they were cooked; but not one of us, nor indeed all of us put together, could match mother in her judgment of this vegetable, whether old or new, in bulk, or bin, or bag. Consequently, it fell to her lot to suffer much vexation because of the trash she was so often obliged to cook, and the waste that could not be avoided in spite of all her care.

One Saturday father came in from the market in jubilant spirits and said to mother, "My dear, if you're not pleased with the praties I've bought you this morning, I'll never ask you to boil another."

"We'll see," said mother, warily, "where are they?"

"Dan Sheehan's bringing them in now, six bags of them, the beauties, clean-skinned and sound to the core." Then turning to the man, "All right, Dan,

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my man, lower the bag from your shoulder and show those 'taties to the Missis."

Dan did as he was told, and sure enough, they were praties of the first water, praties to make glad the heart of man, woman or child who had vision enough to anticipate the look of them laughing at you from the pot or the place of honor on the table.

Mother, still cautious, turned some of them out into a big pan, but all the way down they were tip-top, good potatoes, and father showed Dan the bin in the cellar, where bag after bag was emptied, and then the money was paid him without a murmur, and a big price it was, too. That day mother cooked from the pan into which part of the first bag had been emptied, and everybody was delighted. Such potatoes we had none of us seen, much less eaten, for many a day. Mother said, "If they are all like these I'll have to beg Dan's pardon for misjudging him, for he looked to me to be anything but an honest man."

"Oh, now, my dear," said father, "don't you think you're rather hard on Dan? Poor old chap, he can't help the screw of his mouth nor the squint of his eye. Judging him by his 'taties, he's a pretty decent old fellow."

The next day mother was in the cellar with a candle making a careful survey of her stores, when it occurred to her to save time and extra steps by bringing up in her apron enough potatoes to do the dinner. But alas for her good intentions, and again alas for Dan Sheehan's good character, there was our potato-bin heaped up full of the worst-looking lot of our favorite tubers that could be imagined—small,

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gnarled, rough-skinned, and badly pitted with dry rot. A call from the cellar sent one of us in hot haste to find father, who hurried to the spot, saying to himself on his way down the steps, "Well, thanks be, whatever the trouble is, the praties are all right anyway." His gratitude, however, was as mistimed as it was misplaced. Mother's ominously grave tones gave a sudden check to his satisfaction, as she said, "Will you just take a look at those potatoes and tell me what you think of them?"

He took the candle from her hand, stepped to the side of the bin and inspected its contents closely. Then he handed back the candle without either look or word, but as he went up the cellar steps mother heard him mutter to himself, "The villain, how could he play me such a dirty trick!"

He was so mortified and felt so badly on the various counts—first his countryman's dishonesty, second having been so completely hoodwinked, and lastly for having paid out so many dollars, that could ill be spared, on necessary food that would have to be carted out and thrown away—that nobody had the heart to mention the subject to him then or afterwards.

Dan Sheehan never sold us any more of his farm products, for whatever it was among his moral machinery that did duty as a conscience, it made such a coward of the man that father never could get within speaking distance of him from that day forward, on the market or anywhere else. But if Dan didn't, Paddy Moriarty and Ned Finnigan and Mick Tracey did. And sometimes their "praties" were of

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the best, and sometimes they were so bad that their very blandest blandishments could not induce even father to buy them.

Out of courtesy to one and all of these, our father's countrymen, we youngsters were disposed to call their efforts to sell their stock-in-trade by some big name that would have special significance only among ourselves; so, whenever potatoes below par appeared upon the table, we would nudge each other and murmur "*Tubercular rascalsus*"; but mother kept to straight English, and if my memory has not failed me, I am justified in saying that the words she used were peculiarly appropriate, and to the general public conveyed more expressive, concrete meaning.

CHAPTER III.

A GREAT PREACHER BEFORE AND AFTER HIS SERMON.

As we children grew older and began to understand that life meant something more than meals, and sleep, and play, we became merciless questioners, and a real story out of their very own lives, told by either father or mother, was a great delight. Once in a while, and as a great treat, mother would tell us a Yorkshire story, and we never ceased to wonder how she could ever again speak English after a half-hour's indulgence in the dialect of her native shire. Whenever father heard her he would say, "My dear, don't ever call yourself an Englishwoman after that."

We already realized that, as a Methodist minister's family, we didn't belong very particularly anywhere, and this idea having taken root, we decided for ourselves, in the most approved autocratic fashion, that we each belonged to the place where we were born. Having reached this conclusion, we soon began to feel a consuming desire to know something about these various villages or hamlets which we had thus honored.

But with quite creditable politeness we began with our parents. Father became sportive at once, and in

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the very strongest and broadest brogue, told us of the loveliest green isle in all the world's wide waste of waters, the finest county in all the island, the fairest part of all the county, and the sweetest spot and the dearest home in all the neighborhood, where he, the youngest of his father's house, first saluted his earthly relatives by a series of lusty cries. He made us all laugh, and then he went out, leaving us with mother. Mother said that she was born near the little village of Nunnington, in Yorkshire, England, not many miles from the ancient city of York, where there still stands a fine stretch of the old Roman wall to show what splendid work they could do in those days. There, too, is, or was, the big, square-built, ugly, red-brick house, which was the palace of Henry VII. and his queen, which in later years has done duty as a Home for the Blind. She did not forget to tell us of York Minster, the pride and joy of the grand old city, with its narrow spiral stairway, reaching to the top of the tower, its stone steps worn into slippery hollows by the many thousands of eager feet that had travelled up and down; nor of the old castle, not far from her home, which "Black Tom Fairfax" contrived to hold and preserve through some sort of paction with Cromwell, in spite of an edict that all these northern strongholds should be destroyed.

As our mother was but five years old when she came to Canada, these descriptions were only rehearsals of what her father and mother and older brothers had told her; but what she could remember of hills and dales, sunny slopes and green lanes with blossoming hedges, gave us such pretty pictures of her

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English home that we began to wish we could see it all for ourselves, though at that date a trip to the moon was, or seemed to be, equally within the possibilities. Our story-appetites were only whetted by all this, and we waited with scant patience for the tales and descriptions that more nearly concerned ourselves, while mother sat lost in tender thoughts of the old home across the waters, where her infant years had been so happily spent.

It wasn't in juvenile human nature, not ours anyway, to keep quiet indefinitely, so we soon recalled her to the fact that three very eager listeners wanted to know what made her marry father, where they were married, did they go on a wedding trip, where did they live, and where was Matt born. Our ravenous curiosity fairly appalled her; but she set herself bravely and patiently to gratify us as far as possible. Then and there we learned that her people, the Knowlsons, were all brought up and confirmed in the Church of England, but that the younger members of the family became Methodists pretty much through force of circumstances and associations. Father had been a widower two years when he asked her hand in marriage. As he was held in high esteem, consent was given by her parents, but reluctantly, because of the hardships and privations inseparable from the lives of pioneer Methodist ministers. Through family influence this consent was afterwards withdrawn, and the bride-elect felt herself forced to take the matter into her own hands. In this she had the hearty support of her eldest and youngest brothers, and at the home of the latter, in the village of Millbrook,

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she and father were married on the 14th of October, 1840, by the Rev. Kennedy Creighton.

Then came the journey to Brock, where father had been sent by the Stationing Committee of that year's Conference. What a wedding trip that was! A spirited but well-trained horse and a strongly-built buggy, or buckboard, carried them and their belongings over hill and valley, through swamps of cedar and hemlock, on "corduroy" roads made barely passable by the volunteer work of the scattered settlers, all those weary miles from Millbrook to Brock. But the sweet, crisp October air was all about them, blue sky above and God's own sunshine. The woods were glorious with autumn's brilliant tintings, the homes of the settlers skirting the roadway here and there spoke of thrift and prosperity; they loved each other and they were together; they loved God, and this work of His was theirs to do, so they journeyed on undaunted, and reached the little, lone, log parsonage in the centre of a small clearing, but out of sight of any house until winter frosts should strip the trees and give them glimpses of friendly wreaths of smoke from neighboring homes. And here our mother's wedded life began, her maternal cares anticipated by the presence of a little step-daughter, seven years old. The kindness of her neighbors was a theme on which she always grew eloquent, and it grieves me that I can remember only one name of those she spoke of with such grateful appreciation. Father was obliged by the extent of the circuit and the state of the roads to be away from home most of the time, and mother's loneliness would have been unendurable had it not

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been for the thoughtful kindness of the friends whose homesteads clustered near. There were three experiences of those two years of life in the woods which seemed specially fixed in mother's memory, and by her narration became fixed in ours. The first was a visit from Rev. William Ryerson, who took the tedious journey—from Toronto, I think—to hold a Quarterly meeting service, which was considered a great event in Methodist circles. I cannot now be certain about the time of the year, but think it was in February. Father used to say that he was never afraid to bring "a stranger within his gates," because he knew that mother's housekeeping, even under necessarily stringent limitations, would always pass muster. On these Quarterly occasions, however, her resources were often severely taxed, for not only was the Presiding Elder, or Chairman of the District, or other elect brother-minister, to be entertained as an angel visitant over Saturday and Sunday, but the members of the Quarterly Board were always the guests at the parsonage for tea on Saturday after their meeting. At this particular Quarterly service Rev. William Ryerson was expected to preach, and administer the Sacrament, after presiding at the Love-feast, which usually followed the sermon, with a brief intermission between. The entire neighborhood was agog with expectation, for the fame of the preacher was abroad in the land.

Everything in and about the little log parsonage was made as neat and snug and comfortable as possible, all the details of attention needed in stable and cow-shed devolving on my father, while household

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comforts and special culinary preparations fell to mother's share. She had heard much of the expected preacher's wonderful gifts, and her loyalty to the church, to her husband, and to her own reputation as his helpmate, had taxed her strength as well as her housewifely skill to the utmost. Judge of her feelings, then, when father ushered in and introduced, just before Saturday's noonday dinner, a dark, stern-faced man, who seemed so absorbed in his own thoughts that he entered into no conversation, gave monosyllabic answers to any questions addressed to him, ate sparingly, indeed seemed utterly indifferent to the various special dishes she had prepared on his behalf. She was grieved, but she forgave him, thinking he must be cold and tired with his journey. She was a lady, and the only one present, but he hadn't a solitary gracious remark to make to her about anything, yet she decided there was, there must be a wherefore, and she forgave him; but every woman will know how just her provocation was, and will understand that she must have done considerable thinking and more praying before the dove of forgiveness nestled in her heart. Tea-time came, and the table had been made to speak whole volumes of welcome to the honored guest, through the taste and skill of its mistress; but the guest paid no heed. He ate little and talked less, leaving father and the Steward of the Quarterly Board to attend to the courtesies of the table as well as its delicacies, along with their animated discussion of various matters pertaining to the wellbeing of the local church. The spare bedroom was all in readiness, and after evening worship

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and a good toasting by the sitting-room fireplace, the great man retired early, leaving father free to attend to his special duties, and mother to put away her unappreciated viands, and drop mortified tears into her dishpan, as she washed up her pretty tea-things. The night passed and breakfast came in due time, and with due thought of possibilities as to the appetite of her guest, but apparently thoughtfulness and skill were alike disregarded, for the guest ate little and said absolutely nothing, except an "Amen" when grace was said, and again when morning "prayers" were over. Then he became invisible until father gave warning that it was time to start for the "meeting-house," half a mile away. Away they went, to mother's great relief, while she proceeded to put everything in readiness for dinner and get herself and little step-daughter dressed for church. Then, at a do-it-or-die pace, she and the child reached it just as father rose to give out the hymn. She knew that he would not like her being late, for was she not the minister's wife, and must she not, in spite of impossibilities, set a good example in that, as in all things else, to the flock? Her thoughts were in a tumult, for on the way she had wished with great fervency that it had not been her duty to go at all. What would the dinner be like, should things go wrong in her absence? Oh, the alarming possibilities hemmed in by the four walls of that parsonage kitchen! Not that it now seemed to matter very much, since the guest ate so little and took no notice of anything. And really his manner had tried her so sorely that she now anticipated no pleasure or help from his sermon.

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Her own momentary devotion helped to still the inner tumult; the singing of the hymn raised her thoughts to a plane where Divine harmonies breathed forth heavenly sweetness, and father's opening prayer stilled her heart to a great calm. What mattered it about the sermon? Was she not a child of God, in her Father's house, and had He not promised to meet her there? She just rested there, and peace took possession of her, body and soul.

It was her guest who arose presently and read the lesson in a deep, impressive voice, and it was her guest who, a little later, gave out his text—Isaiah xl., 31st verse: "But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint." Then there towered up to full height in that little pulpit a man like unto, yet wholly different from, her guest, eyes flashing, face aglow, voice quivering with strong emotion, but held in leash by a fine control, hands no longer limp and inert, but tense with nervous power, head thrown back with the air of a master-workman. No, she had never seen this man before; this was one of Heaven's inspired ones, his eyes lighted by fire of Divine kindling, his lips touched by some luminous coal from off the Temple altar. No thought had he that this was a little backwoods meeting-house, no recognition of the fact that only simple country people sat on the hard wooden benches in front of him. God had given him a message of faith and hope and joy, the joy of perfect trust, and he gave it as if he might never give another, revelled in the beauty of

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it, gloried in the strength-giving joy of it, until the very light of life shone out from his eyes and face; indeed his whole physical being seemed to radiate flashes of spiritual force that fairly electrified his hearers with the sense of a presence and a power unknown to them before. And God honored the preacher's wonderful gifts, Divinely bestowed, and for a Divine purpose. Nobody wanted any intermission between sermon and love-feast, certainly not the preacher, nor father, nor yet my mother, whose soul reached out towards the soul of the man who could thus grasp the secrets of Almighty love and power, and by a marvellous grace of human skill, present them to the hearts of his hearers as the manna upon which they might, by reason of a Saviour's love, feast their souls from day to day, and thus grow to the full stature of sons and daughters of God.

The love-feast and the sacrament that followed were times of great spiritual refreshing, never to be forgotten in that neighborhood. Indeed, to the end of her life, mother would kindle to enthusiasm at the remembrance. Having borne her part in the sweet and simple Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, she slipped out and sped back to the parsonage on flying feet, the delight of loving service lending her speed, and the determination to atone to "that heavenly man" for her morning thoughts of him by kindest ministrations, giving a tender grace to every word and look. By the time father and the preacher returned, dinner was smoking on the table, everything "done to a turn," as the cooks say, and mother ready to preside in her own quiet, gentle way. What

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was her surprise when the guest reached out his hand in a peculiarly gracious fashion and said, "God bless you, sister, your face was an inspiration to me this morning." At dinner he enjoyed everything and ate heartily, showing a keen appreciation of mother's cooking, which pleased father even more than herself. After dinner the good man commended them to God and went on to hold a service in another neighborhood, but returned to the parsonage to spend the night and take breakfast on Monday morning before starting back for Toronto. On leaving, he seemed very pleased to learn from mother what a grand uplift his sermon had given her, and replied that the honor of having such a message was his, and that he should never cease to remember with gratitude the kind attentions she had bestowed upon him, and the comfort he had experienced during his stay in her home.

Not till he had gone did she let father know how miserable she had been, and how sorely tried; and she almost forgave herself her lack of hospitable feelings when father said, "Well, my child, you couldn't possibly have done better in any way."

Following this came the rigor of a late winter, the promise of April and the sweetness of May, then summer months of almost prostrating heat, work in the little kitchen-garden, and among her dear old-fashioned flowers in the front; household duties, including the care of the cow during father's many and prolonged visits to distant parts of the circuit, the making of their weekly supply of bread, and of

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butter as well, and the daily care and teaching given to her young step-daughter.

Autumn came again, late September and early October vieing with each other in the gorgeous splendor of their forest robes of crimson, green, and gold. Crops on the farms throughout the country were excellent, fruit was abundant, and mother's vegetable garden had well repaid her faithful, careful management. In addition to these stores in her root-house and cellar, she had gathered with her own hands and preserved a goodly supply of berries in their succeeding seasons, thus securing ample provision for her larder during the coming winter.

November came, gloomy and cold, with bad roads and bleak winds, but the house was warm, her work all within her grasp, and plenty of leisure to devote to the contents of her workbasket, where dainty wee garments employed her busy fingers and delighted her eyes, as thoughts of her coming joy filled her soul to overflowing with a sweet, abiding tenderness. And then, almost at the last hour of the last day of 1841, her baby boy was laid in her arms. Mothers everywhere will understand her soul's abounding gladness, the new bliss of living, her joy in every detail of her many duties, in spite of a slow return of strength. The baby grew and thrived amid storms and wintry blasts that might well have frightened an older resident, and pretty early in the new year he was christened Matthew, after his maternal uncle, a man of sweet and gracious spirit, whom father loved as he might a brother of his own.

The next experience, chronicled only by memory,

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though not tragic, nor even alarming, was most painful and trying. This suffering was caused by a felon or whitlow on mother's left hand. Anyone who has ever suffered in a similar way can sympathize with her misery; but when you consider that she had only the help of a child of eight in all the work of the house, the care of the cow, and the constant attention needed by a baby three or four months old, you will see that her position was not one to be envied. At last one morning endurance seemed to have reached its limit. She had walked the floor the whole of the previous night, wondering if morning would ever come, and if she could then summon up courage to lance the poor swollen finger, whose feverish throbings seemed to reach her very heart. Morning dawned, but she had strength for endurance only. She looked at the little old jack-knife, which was the nearest approach to a lance of anything in her possession, and felt that it was impossible for her to perform anything but downright butchery with that, and that it was equally impossible for her to endure her agony an hour longer. Just here she heard the muffled sound of feet in the snow, then a knock at the door, and a hearty, cheerful voice greeting the child who had run to open it. It was one of the near neighbors, the class-leader, a large-hearted, kindly man by the name of Sproule. He was so shocked by the haggard, suffering look of mother's face that he used language not to be remembered the next Sunday in class-meeting. Nevertheless, the words were music in mother's ears, for surely now relief would come to her in some fashion. And so it

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did. Kind of heart and strong of nerve, he made the small, sharp blade of his penknife do duty as a lance, and to such good purpose that in a very few minutes the poor hand became comparatively comfortable. And when to his skill as a surgeon he added that of a nurse by making a soft, warm poultice, and then comforted the patient with a cup of tea and a bit of toast made by his own hand, her feeling was that God had sent an angel to her in the hour of her sorest need, to relieve her agony and cheer her soul. That same day father returned after a fortnight's absence on distant duty, and then the joy of his presence, his loving distress over her recent suffering, his recognition of her patient, brave endurance, coupled with the sweet sense of protection and tender care, more than made up to her for all she had suffered, and made that dreadful two weeks' experience seem like some horrible dream. But neither of them could ever forget good "Brother Sproule" and his impromptu rôle of surgeon, nurse and cook.

Then the spring came on, bright, sunny and beautiful, all the more beautiful because of the months of frost and sleet, when Nature, robbed of her garments of praise, seemed cruelly cold and indifferent to her children. But it was only seeming indifference; her heart was still kind and warm, and her life-pulses soon began to throb with joyous activity as the sun grew more and more ardent in his daily wooing of her.

Mother had great joy in garden work, and although there was little or no prospect of a longer stay, and therefore no hope of reaping the fruits of her labors,

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she seeded, and planted, and left behind her the promise of an abundant ingathering for the benefit of her successor's household. This was her invariable custom, but I am sorry to say that very rarely did she find as good a garden where she went as the one she left behind her. However, as she said, she had the joy of keeping the Master's law of love, which was the rule of her life.

I have said that father and mother were married by Rev. Kennedy Creighton, which, no doubt, was a deed worthy of note in itself; but I want to say a little more about that good man. Many a couple he married, both before and after the legal welding of love's bond between our parents, and many a baby he christened, pronouncing a tender ministerial benediction, the sweetness of which was purely reflexive, since the protesting yells of the aggrieved infants left no space for minor sounds. Then, too, his was the task to weep with the weepers of his flock, here, there and yonder; to comfort, as only a true minister can, the sorrowful and heavy-hearted; and betimes to commit to the enfolding of Mother Earth's soft arms the dear forms of those who had "fallen on sleep." All these things Mr. Creighton did, and did well, besides preaching three times every Sunday, leading classes, holding prayer-meetings, and visiting the members during the week, with many a week-night preaching service thrown in; but 'twas not for these matter-of-course ministrations that the Rev. Kennedy Creighton stood out prominently before the public in those bygone days. It was

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as a temperance worker and lecturer that he won distinctive fame.

We children never heard him, but whenever we did hear a good speaker on a temperance platform and were roused to admiring enthusiasm, father, or mother, and sometimes both of them, would say, "Oh, but you should have heard Kennedy Creighton give a temperance lecture." And so we came to feel that he was the only man who could do it as it ought to be done. Even after she was eighty years of age, I have seen mother's eyes sparkle at the remembrance of the wonderful force and winning power of his addresses, which abounded in pathetic illustrations from real life, narrated with thrilling effect.

Mr. Creighton, though I fancy a younger man than father, was senior preacher on the extensive field of labor known as the Peterborough circuit, which comprised some eight or nine townships. As colleagues they seem to have worked harmoniously together, though for that matter there was very little of the *together* about it, since they took the round of the circuit in turns, the round occupying about six weeks. What these long trips involved of hardships and exposure may only be guessed at, as father was never inclined to pose as a martyr, and I fancy Mr. Creighton was a man of the same stamp; but in later years, when some of his younger brethren would pull a long face over "a hard day's work," father's face would wear a queer look, and his eyes would twinkle as if his reminiscences of "hard" days, if only voiced in a fireside story, could easily put to the blush all present-day complainings. But the story was seldom

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told, and so we juvenile story-lovers felt ourselves defrauded, guessing pretty accurately how much we missed.

But if these ministerial journeyings were marked by many personal hardships and discomforts, these were more than balanced by the privileges they enjoyed, not only in preaching Gospel truth as they saw it and felt it, but in sharing all the sorrows as well as the joys of the dear, kind, hospitable people at each preaching-place, who thought nothing too good, indeed, nothing good enough for either of their ministers. There were always weddings to be attended, and christenings galore; there were special family reunions which were arranged with a view to having the minister present; and there were tea-meetings in aid of church funds, and Sunday school festivals made doubly attractive and remunerative by the timely announcement that one or other of the preachers was sure to be there. The household with whom the preacher stopped for a night, or stayed over Sunday, considered themselves distinctly honored, and no matter how they had to distribute themselves in summer, or double-up in winter, the honor was equally appreciated; and the family who, for any reason, expressed or only understood, could not accommodate the minister when he came, was either so pitied or so condemned that the position was far from an enviable one.

These sidelights on those six weeks' preaching excursions reveal many sources of pure enjoyment that largely discounted long, lonely horseback rides through the woods, in summer's heat, when black-

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flies and mosquitoes assailed both horse and rider with a venomous persistence so torturing that the plagues of Egypt were counted out; and in winter's biting cold, when the lone wolf's distant howl stirred the pulses of man and beast alike. But what of the two lonely wives, who, with their little ones, had to bear these long absences in storm and shine, in sickness and in health, oft-times with nothing to comfort them but the tender joys of motherhood and the consciousness that they, too, were "workers together with God," since they withheld not their best beloved from His service.

In these later years it has been to me a cause of rejoicing that I had the honor of being associated with the daughter of my father's old colleague in the blessed work of the Toronto Haven and Prison Gate Mission. Mrs. L. J. Harvie, only living child of Rev. Kennedy Creighton, is the worthy daughter of that good man; and though she needs no eulogy from my pen, as her name and her praise are in all the churches, I wish here to pay a well-deserved tribute to the personal charm, the mental power, and the spiritual grace of the woman whose consecrated energies have left their impress on the work of the Haven, which she founded; the Young Woman's Christian Guild, also the outcome of her tireless zeal; and the far-reaching efforts of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church, in which she has excelled for many years. Mrs. Harvie was President of the Haven Board of Management when I became its Superintendent, in May, 1893, and for

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many years, while she held that office, she was to me "a tower of strength." Many a time I thought how glad our two fathers must be, looking down at us from their resting-place in the better land.

CHAPTER IV.

SOME OF MOTHER'S TRIALS.

I do not know if the Quarterly Official Board of the Brook Circuit sent a deputation to the May District Meeting of that year—1842—or wrote an expression of their hearty appreciation of father's ministerial services, coupled with a request that he be returned for another year, but I am inclined to think that such proceedings had not come into fashion in those days. It is borne in upon my mind that their faith in the infallible wisdom of the Stationing Committee was equalled only by their belief in the unlimited powers of that august body, in whose hands lay the geographical destinations, not to say destinies, of all the preachers, and of all the wives and all the children of all the preachers in that special denomination.

Perhaps I ought to make an exception in favor of those who, for good and sufficient reasons, apparent or otherwise, had been admitted within a certain charmed circle, which at sundry times and in divers places touched the secret springs of power and wrought marvellous changes in the minds and arrangements of these arbiters of Methodist ministerial fate. But of that later, if at all.

These loyal-hearted, simple-minded disciples of the old school of Canadian Methodism thought of the

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Conference Stationing Committee as a sort of sub-Providence, and believed that it would be as sinful as it would be useless to protest against or to murmur at their decisions. Indeed I am sure that the mere suggestion of giving a call to this man or that, whose fame had reached them, or of refusing to accept, as the Lord's choice for them, the selection made by this strong right hand of the Conference, would have been looked upon as second only to "the unpardonable sin." And my good father shared in their loyalty and simple-mindedness. All through his life he maintained that it was the duty of every man in the ministry to obey the spirit as well as the letter of his ordination vows, and to stand by the rules and regulations of his church. I have often thought that his training in the yeomanry corps of his native place had helped him to take this soldier-like attitude towards all orders from headquarters. And though both wife and children often felt like breaking out into rebellion when the frequent removals, with long distances to travel, tried us too sorely, he would not allow any expression of such revolt to be made in his presence. "It is God's own leading," he would say, "and He makes no mistakes." And so our discontent was hushed, if not banished. Then, too, we were young, and changes made diversion for us. Not so with our dear mother. Stronghearted as she was, but never physically robust, these many movings became a sort of horror to her. She never once lost faith in a kind, overruling Providence, but her confidence in the wisdom and the justice of Conference decisions received more than one rude shock, and with her

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strong, silent nature, once to lose was never to regain. In this connection, father was much the happier of the two. Old as he was to endure the many hardships that fell to his ministerial lot, he would sit by his own fireside, with a child on each knee, and sing right joyously the well-loved songs of his Methodist Zion. Once, when difficulties seemed to be governed by the rules of compound multiplication, mother said, "Oh, if we could only settle down somewhere in a home of our own!" father answered by starting to sing,

"No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness,
A poor wayfaring man,"

and interpolated "of grief." But he got no further, for mother raised both voice and hands in protest, saying, "Do stop; when you begin to pose as *a man of grief*, the situation is beyond me." But what did it matter? He had gained his point by making us all laugh and forget, for the time being at least, that we were indeed wayfarers, ministerial and therefore perfectly respectable tramps, but tramps all the same, dependent on the good-will of the people among whom we sojourned for our sustenance. Ah, there was many a bitter day when father's love of fun alone saved the situation. But to go back to Brock, during those last days of June, 1842, to the dear, kind people who wanted their warm-hearted Irish preacher and his quiet English wife to stay with them, even if they said so only to them and to each other.

Then came the packing-up of household goods, the parting with these kind, true friends, and the long,

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wearisome journey eastward, with a break at mother's home in Cavan on the way, to visit her father and mother and display the beauty and strength of her baby boy. Then more journeyings, with the baby on her knee and the little stepdaughter on a stool at her feet in the front of the buggy. I forget just how many days it took to cover the distance, but they were many, and the discomfort of the little ones, with the intense heat and the joltings over rough roads and corduroy bridges, made the weariness indescribable and almost unendurable. Indeed, if their courage and endurance had not been upheld by the sustaining power of a mighty faith in God, such experiences would have sapped the joys of their Christian life, and robbed their performance of duty of all sweetness and grace.

Father's next station was called the Carrying-Place, just why I do not remember distinctly, but think it was the English version of some unpronounceable Indian name, signifying a portage of some sort. This thought is confirmed by the name of the nearest town of any importance, which the Indians had called *Napanee*, because of the flour mills located there. Here lived the Biggars and Aikens, and others prominent in the making of the Methodist history of that part of the country. This was no backwoods settlement. Many years of intelligent industry had been amply rewarded, and these good people dwelt in comfortable if not luxurious homes. They were large-hearted and kindly, and so the minister and his family were well cared for. Here, on the 13th of January, 1844, a baby girl was born, to the joy of

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both parents, and the delight of the small boy thus promoted, who paid no heed to the ill-advised teasings of the neighbors, but clung with ever-increasing affection to the golden-haired, blue-eyed baby sister, whom he at once called "Maley Jane," for some reason known to no one but himself. Jane was mother's name, but she did not like it, and neither did father; but as Mary was the name of mother's only sister, and the combination was rather harmonious, she was registered, and, later on, christened Mary Jane, to the abounding satisfaction of the little brother, who looked upon the tiny pink-and-white creature as his special property.

The weeks and months sped on, with their rounds of ministerial duties for father and household cares for mother, who very frequently was obliged to do all her own work, as well as care for her little ones, since incompetent help, or no help at all, was the general order of things. And if, by any chance, father was able to secure for her a really efficient maid among the daughters of the less wealthy farmers here and there on the circuit, the situation only became more complicated because of the difficulty of satisfying the young person's views of her own importance and her place in the family. Sometimes a girl from a Roman Catholic home would hire for a trial month, but, true to her home and church teaching, she would refuse to be present at family worship. Father would put up with a good many things, but not this, so the end of the month of trial invariably proved the close of her probation, and the Nancy, or Bridget, or Betsy, would return to the more congenial

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religious environments of her father's house. Then would follow another experiment in the line of domestic helpers—servants you dare not call them—or there would surely follow an interregnum of household drudgery for mother, whose health and spirits both suffered under the strain. Indeed, I have often marvelled how she lived through all the trials and hardships of this ministerial nomadism, for hard and trying it certainly was, particularly to one of mother's temperament. She was constantly under censure, and she knew it, because she failed, signally and continuously, to take the place in church affairs accorded her by right of her position as wife of the minister. It was delicately hinted to her at first, then broadly, and finally stated in unmistakably plain terms, that she was expected to act as President of the local Ladies' Aid, and to be leader of a woman's class-meeting, besides being a pattern to all believers in the matter of attendance on all the means of grace. But, quiet as she was, the old British spirit of right to individual freedom of conscience was hers very strongly, and having settled the question according to her own sense of righteousness, she was not to be moved, "though an host should encamp against her." She always claimed that as God had ordained her to the office and duties of motherhood, she must hold the office as a sacred trust, and perform its duties as unto God Himself. It transpired, therefore, that we never played with undesirable companions while mother sewed for the heathen, nor were left to the tender mercies of fire and water while she went out to prayer-meeting. Here again she endured a mental

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and physical martyrdom, for thus cut off so largely from "the communion of saints," and feeling keenly the vote of censure passed upon her by the Methodist public as represented by its women, for her countless sins of omission of church duties, she lost much that gave joyfulness to other women's lives, albeit she gained a strength and patience, and a grace of self-forgetfulness, known only to those who, giving up all and seeming to lose all, find a sweeter peace and a higher joy, because admitted into the very holy of holies of truest worship. For these things and others, through all time, and through all eternity, "her children shall rise up and call her blessed."

Then came, by order of Conference, some readjustment of circuit boundary lines, by which two very large circuits were made into three, and because of these changes father was sent to Consecon. This necessitated another upheaval of household goods and another removal, although the distance was nothing to speak of, and involved less than usual of hardship and expense in the transport of furniture and in personal travelling. And it involved less of heartache as well, since the friendships formed at the Carrying-Place could still be fostered by frequent intercourse. This was a great boon to mother, who always suffered in parting with the good old friends made in their various sojournings, and in facing the process of making new ones where they were going.

Here, again, her trouble with and without kitchen helpers began afresh, and continued with extended opportunities for the cultivation of a full range of Christian graces. A special instance occurred when

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baby Mary was about thirteen months old. A bouncing specimen of young womanhood had been induced by the offer of high wages and treatment "as one of the family" to honor the minister's household by doing such work as she thought consistent with the dignity of her social position as the daughter of a well-to-do farmer, "seein' as how she didn't hev any need to work out." No matter what exigency arose, she claimed her seat at the family table, and if any special requirement called for a trip to cellar, pantry or kitchen, it was as much as the household peace was worth to ask this young person to attend to it. One day the minister from a neighboring circuit called to discuss some matter of church work, and father asked two of his own official members to come in and take dinner pending further consideration of the matter in hand. The earlier preparations went on fairly well, but when mother had finished her arrangements for the dessert and prepared to leave the kitchen in charge of the maid while she changed her dress and made herself presentable, she found the damsel in the midst of a general tidification, with a view to the impression she would make upon the visitors. It was in vain that mother told her there would not be room for her at the table, and that she would be needed to watch over the fire, so as to ensure the success of their united efforts to have a good dinner. If she could not go to the table and be treated as a member of the family, she would stay in her own room. Nothing could move her from this decision, so the mistress of the house had to put forth a mighty effort and become mistress of herself, while she hurriedly donned

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another gown and smoothed her wavy brown hair. With a heartfelt prayer that the baby, by some somnolent miracle, might prolong indefinitely her noonday nap, she went downstairs and proceeded to do the honors of the dinner table. Notwithstanding the fact that she had to remove the service herself and bring on the dessert and the tea-tray, everything went off quite comfortably until the continued cries of the baby compelled her to bring the child with her to the table. But the presence of the pretty little one, rosy and bright and sweet, was hailed by the guests as an added pleasure, and again mother breathed freely; when all at once the child caught hold of the large, old-fashioned jug, filled with boiling water, and spilled the contents over herself. The scene that followed was indescribable. Mother was in delicate health, and the agonized screams of the poor baby drove her almost frantic. Father rushed at once for the doctor, but before he arrived, the next-door neighbor, having heard the screams, had come to the rescue with quick thought and ready skill. Her gentle fingers removed the clothing, revealing to the horrified mother's gaze great patches of raw flesh, from which the skin had dropped away, and then she applied cotton batting, spread thickly with the whites of half-a-dozen eggs. This gave instant relief, so that by the time father returned with the doctor, the little sufferer had ceased to show any signs of distress, and there was time to bestow much-needed attention upon mother, who quite collapsed when once sure that the baby was out of any immediate danger.

To the credit of the maid, whose conduct had

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wrought all this mischief, I may say that she tried in every possible way to atone for her behavior, and proved a most efficient helper during the remainder of her stay. She was really fond of the baby, and would never have forgiven herself had results been fatal. But mother felt that the girl's much-needed improvement, however marked, could never compensate for all that she and baby Mary had been made to suffer, and she expressed a hope that the training in morals and manners of future domestic helpers might not depend upon any repetition of this painful experience.

Winter wore away, as winters always do, but the much-loved work in the garden was curtailed by the health of the worker, for in May another baby girl was born, and named after mother's dear friend, Mrs. Biggar, at that kind lady's own request. Father consented, but he did not approve, as the name was an old Roman one, and so of condemned origin. Then, too, it had been handed down through profane history and more profane novels, until it was doubtful if Christian parents should sanction its use by giving it to a child in baptism. Then, again, it seemed like taking an unfair advantage of an innocent, helpless baby to ticket it for life with a name that was neither musical in sound nor religious in its significance. But Mrs. Biggar was a dearly loved friend, and her kindnesses had been innumerable, so the baby was christened Camilla, to the great distress of Grandma Knowlson, who declared that no child with such a name could ever come to any good. Quite confiden-

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tially, dear reader, I may say that I am strongly inclined to think the personal appearance of the infant with the much-discussed name had a good deal to do with our good grandmother's earnest, though somewhat vague, prediction of evil. She said, and in tones as of well-merited reproof, "The child is neither a Sanderson nor a Knowlson; where does she belong?" As the dear old lady did not attempt to fix the blame of this much-to-be-regretted departure from the long-established rule of both families, of transmitting to each successive olive branch some distinctive shoot or twig, no matter how small, by which his or her direct descent from either family-tree could be traced, no one assumed, or felt, any uncomfortable responsibility. Yet they were sorry that this latest addition to the household could lay no claim to the physiognomic peculiarities of any of her relations on either side of the house. A decided preference, on the part of the newcomer, for any one particular ancestor or ancestress, might have given her the distinction of a marked personality; but such an absolute disregard of all hereditary claims was almost unforgivable. Numerous were the questionings by the neighbors, why such a queer name had been chosen by the minister and his wife, and where the baby got such a dark complexion, and all that mop of black-brown hair. Unconscious of all the stir she had made, this small specimen of femininity lay still, or kicked and screamed, as seemed pleasing unto herself, unmindful of the fact that she hadn't "one redeeming feature," so they all said, except a pair

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of big, gray-blue eyes that always looked as if they wanted to see to the bottom of everything, and by which, in later years, she set great store, until a boy friend destroyed her one little bit of personal vanity by remarking that "such eyes" were "anything but beautiful," being only "a subdued rat-color." Poor little girl, with her passionate reverence for beauty, how this made her suffer!

CHAPTER V.

VICTORIA'S FUTURE CHANCELLOR.

THE next migration of the family was to Newburgh, on the Conference District of Napanee, an easy journey from Consecon, and by good roads, to a nice circuit among pleasant people. Of course Methodist circuits are always nice, and Methodist people are always pleasant. It would be rank treason and deserving of stripes to say otherwise. But, "as one star differeth from another star" in magnitude and beauty, so doth one circuit differ from another in its points of attraction for the preacher and his family. And though members of this special branch of the church militant are, on the whole, kind, and good, and true of heart, there are "diversities of gifts." All do not "interpret" the output of the minister's careful preparations according to his private understanding thereof. All may "speak with tongues;" but whether in English or Dutch, if the oft-times "unruly member" be not under bond to "the law of kindness," then is its wondrous "gift of healing" subverted to the use of the enemy, whose gift of hurting has cruel power.

But Newburgh was a nice circuit, and almost everybody was kind and delightfully pleasant.

Some little time after his arrival father was asked by the Board of Directors of the Academy to assist

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them in securing a suitable man as Principal. Being always on the alert where young men of promise were concerned, he had heard a good deal about Samuel S. Nelles, for whom observant men were already predicting a useful career, though no one as yet had said, "Is Samuel also among the prophets?" No one as yet had openly recognized his brilliant powers, or predicted into what channel they would flow. Father went to see him at once, and by this prompt action his services were secured and he was speedily installed as Principal of the Academy, and, apparently without effort, became exceedingly popular with his pupils and among the people generally. At the parsonage he was a frequent and welcome guest. It was a sort of home to him, and he took a boy's frankhearted advantage of the fact that the door was "always on the latch" for him. The frankheartedness was mutual, as was also the affectionate regard, which had no abatement to the end of their lives.

Father was no athlete himself, and I think he had an idea that cricket and baseball and hockey were not for ministers of the gospel, at any rate not for men as old as he. But he very heartily approved when told that the new Principal went out every day at recess and played ball with his boys. Not so others, and it soon came to be whispered abroad that trouble was brewing in the caldron of public opinion. Some of the fathers of the church, of ultra-orthodox views, met together, shook their hoary heads and bemoaned the fact that one so gifted as this young man, one upon whom the hands of the Church had been provisionally placed, thus investing him with power to

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act as a local preacher, one to whom the spiritual guiding, so to speak, of all the boys and young men of the community had been committed, should find pleasure in so frivolous an amusement as ball playing. And the fact that he not only went out into the school-yard and played ball with his boys, but that he took off his coat and played in his shirt sleeves, thus showing an abandonment to the spirit of the game, added poignancy to their distress and fuel to the fires of their indignation. Something must be done, and that at once, to stem the tide of evil that had broken through the breakwater of orthodoxy, and threatened to sweep everything before it. For who could predict what might come next? Who dare venture to rest on his oars, while this aspirant to ministerial honors stood on the deck of their educational ship, in his shirt sleeves, with tumbled hair, cheeks aglow, and nerves tingling with energy, giving rousing cheers of encouragement to the lads who played well? The thing was not to be borne. If he had played once in a while in a quiet, ministerial (or funereal) way, his manner of doing it apologizing for the deed, they might have been pacified in some degree, or to some extent; but this shirt-sleeve disregard of the proprieties was the drop that made their cup of wrath run over.

All this became topic for village gossip, the boys and girls heard the matter discussed daily at home, and presently a version with a very decided coloring was given to the Principal himself. At first he laughed and paid no attention, but he soon found that in some quarters the matter was assuming serious proportions, and that the moral atmosphere of the village was likely

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to become either too hot or too cold for his continued stay. He then took his trouble to his parsonage friends. Father had been away for some days and so was not aware that the storm was ready to burst upon his young friend's unsuspecting head. Mother had given him ready sympathy and womanly counsel, but when father returned and learned all the details that Mr. Nelles and mother had been able to gather, he took the matter in hand, reviewed the whole situation carefully, and then to the astonishment of the two, who were waiting anxiously for his opinion, he slapped his knee with his open hand—a characteristic movement—and laughed right heartily. Clapping Mr. Nelles on the shoulder he said, "Cheer up, my boy, stay with us for supper and the good wife will give you 'savoury meat such as your soul loveth,' then go home, do your studying, say your prayers, sleep the sleep of the just, and to-morrow go to the Academy and go on with your work *and with your play* as if you had never heard a word. The next step these men will take will be to bring the matter to me, and then I'll know just what to do."

He was a young man, and naturally impatient under the lash of criticism, and so would have dearly liked to know whether father's plan of meeting the enemy was one of aggression or simply of defence. But he might just as well have asked a shut-up bivalve to open its shell, as to question father on the subject with any hope of satisfactory replies. He knew this, and so, very sensibly, did just as he was told, and went straight ahead.

The very next day this self-appointed committee,

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having been on the watch for the minister's return, came in a body and stated the facts of the case as it looked to them, the solemnity of their faces and the severity of their tones conveying the impression that consequences of eternal moment hung upon the issues of their endeavor. The minister listened to all they had to say, and agreed with them fully when they denounced as "dangerous and soul-destroying" all amusements through which God and His laws were forgotten or ignored. But he tried to make them see that in this case there was no thought of dishonoring God in any way. Mr. Nelles was a manly young man, who wanted to keep in touch with his boys so that he might the more easily influence them in matters of serious import. This was more than they could stand. The thing itself was bad enough, but for the minister to condone such flagrant acts of folly was infinitely worse, and some of them hinted broadly that the minister's own views of truly Scriptural conduct might be the better of revision and possibly of correction. I have a notion that, but for his premeditated line of action, which these men, unconsciously, were working out beautifully, father would have felt the risings of an Irishman's temper just at this juncture; but instead of blazing at them as they expected, he told them very quietly that their best course would be to bring the matter before the Quarterly Board at their next meeting, making their charges in writing, and having everything clearly defined; this document to be signed by all the complainants and any sympathizers they might choose to ask. They thus gained their heart's desire of official recognition, and went away jubilant,

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congratulating each other on the way they had cowed the minister and made him sanction their wish to crush this bold transgressor by the exposure of a church trial. But could they have seen him, after he had bowed them out with a becomingly grave courtesy, stride hastily out to the dining-room where mother sat at her sewing, his face all puckered up with inward laughter, and the merry twinkle of his eyes betraying the keenness of his enjoyment, their certainty of easy victory might have been clouded. He had not taken her into his confidence, for he dearly loved to "chew the cud" of mischief all by himself; but when she said to him, "Do you know that in a mood like this you are very aggravating?" he replied, "I dare say I am, but I'm so afraid you'll want to tell that boy, you're so fond of him, and I want the fun of seeing his face when the climax comes at the trial." However, knowing that she would be loyal to his wishes, he told her his plan for circumventing these vengeful old parties, and was more than rewarded by her keen appreciation and hearty approval.

As the days went by and the time for the meeting drew near, she noticed that the face of their young friend began to look worn and haggard, though he said nothing beyond telling her that he had been summoned to appear before the local church tribunal and that he dreaded the ordeal. Then she said to him, "I must not tell you anything definite, but I will say this for your comfort, that you'll be the cheeriest young man of my acquaintance when this Quarterly Meeting is over." He couldn't very well understand how this could be, but he knew that mother would not

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deceive him, so he tried hard to possess his soul in patience, and to attend to his daily round of duties as if no cloud hung over him.

At last the day arrived and the Quarterly Board met. Father, as minister in charge, took his place as chairman of the meeting and proceeded with the usual business routine until every item had been disposed of. Then he took up the official-looking document, which had been handed to him by the self-elected chairman of the self-appointed defenders of outraged propriety. He read it through with so grave a face, and so serious a voice, that his nearest and dearest might have been forgiven for believing that he was simply overwhelmed by the enormity of the charges brought against his youngest and favorite local preacher. He then said, "Brethren, you have heard these charges read, the matter is for your consideration. The Christian reputation of a young and well beloved brother is at stake. What have you to say on the subject?"

Nobody was taken by surprise, for everybody knew what was coming, and so every member of the Board was prepared to give his opinion without any further deliberation. Some sided slightly with the enemy, but not cordially; some gave half-hearted evidence in favor of the accused; and some spoke out right manfully to the effect that they could see nothing amiss in his conduct, that their strongest feeling on the subject was one of gratitude to Mr. Nelles for having won such a good influence over their boys. At this the complainants groaned in spirit, if not aloud, at these evidences of the spread of heresy in their midst.

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Then a kind but not very courageous brother moved that, "Our dear young brother be cleared from any charge of wilful wrongdoing, but that he be admonished not to do further injury to God's cause among us by indulgence in sinful amusements." No one would second this motion, since it pleased neither the accusers nor the friends of the accused, though meant to satisfy both. Presently, some one in evident league with the enemy, moved in amendment, that the whole question be referred for decision to the Chairman of the District. This was such a direct slight upon their own minister that again there was no seconder, but instead a murmur of disapproval.

Now was father's time, and he rose to the occasion. "Brethren," he said, "as there seems a lack of unanimity on this matter, bear with me while I speak to the motion." (This ignoring of the amendment was mortifying in the extreme to its mover.) "Our young brother referred to, charged with indiscreet and frivolous conduct, unseemly in one occupying his position as instructor of the youth of our community, and still more unseemly in one professing to hold himself under bond for active Christian service, is here with us to-day. What his feelings are we can only conjecture. He came among us some months ago a stranger. In the intervening time he has won his own place in the hearts of young and old alike. By precept and example he has raised the moral tone of the whole village through our young people, who are keen to follow the lead of one who preaches to them through the purity and uprightness of his own heart and life. He has gone in and out among you, ever reserved about

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his own troubles, while eager to pour the balm of his sympathy into the wounds your sorrows have made. Why is it that our young people like to come to the prayer-meeting? Because Mr. Nelles will be there. Why is it that every boy and young man in the village is pleased and proud to be greeted by him in friendly fashion? Just because they believe in him. Ask your boys if this terrible crime of playing ball with them has, in any degree, weakened his Christian influence over them, and their unanimous answer will be, 'No, a thousand times no. He has taught us how to play ball in a Christian way, fairly and squarely, and in a kindly spirit.' I have asked them, and this has been their answer. And is this man, who has more than done his duty among us as a citizen, who has more than fulfilled his contract as a teacher, is he to be branded by us as a man who has betrayed his trust and dishonored the Master he professes to love? My brethren, I do not ask you in any maudlin tenderness to 'deal gently' with this young man. I ask you in God's name to give him simple justice, and yourselves the credit you have always hitherto deserved, of being fair-minded, honest-hearted men. One word more, and that in reference to the man who has been the prime mover in this matter, whose name stands first on the list of signatures to the charges made against Mr. Nelles. It would seem as if his eagerness to push these charges to an official issue must have an incentive beyond his ordinary zeal for the glory of God and the good of humanity. It may be that his own conscience feels the need of such a poultice as works of supererogation afford to wrongdoers of a certain stamp. You

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will hardly believe it, but I have at hand proof that in the evening of the day of his last visit to Napanee, *he bought a ticket for the circus*, and, with his hat drawn over his eyes, so that he might not be recognized, slipped into the big tent and enjoyed right heartily the whole performance, trapeze ballet dancers and all. And this is the man who would hound our Brother Nelles to the death of his well-earned Christian reputation! Brethren, I ask for another motion."

It was given, it was seconded, it was put to the meeting, and it was carried by a standing vote, that "Our Brother Nelles be wholly exonerated *from any blame whatever*, and that he be asked to overlook this matter, and forgive us for the distress of mind he has suffered."

The man who had been caught in his own trap came up to father, with strong evidences of both grief and anger in face and voice. "You were hard on me," he said. "Why didn't you tell me that you knew of my cursed folly and so save me from such an exposure as this?" "Well," said father, "I only heard about it as I passed through Napanee on my way home, and when you headed the deputation that waited on me in regard to this matter, and I saw that you had 'the bit in your teeth,' I just made up my mind to let you run your own course, and then bring you up standing, right here." "Well, you've done it, and I hope you're satisfied; as for me, I don't know where to hide my head." Mr. Nelles was standing not far away, receiving hearty congratulations from one and another, when father turned to him and said, while he held the discomfited man of the circus by the arm, "Brother

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Nelles, has God forgiven you enough to make you feel like forgiving our brother here, and shaking hands with him?" This way out of the awkwardness of the situation was instantly adopted, and a feeling of general kindness was restored. I don't just know how that meeting was closed, but I'm sure that whether the prayer was oral, or silent and informal, God's Spirit was recognized and acknowledged as the grand, controlling power.

Mr. Nelles went to the parsonage for tea that evening, and gave mother a graphic description of the meeting; and she told us long years afterwards, when Rev. S. S. Nelles, a man whom the churches "delighted to honor," was about to visit us, and we wanted to hear something about him. And ever after that visit the name of Nelles was one to conjure by among us children.

Time sped along on this circuit pretty much as on all others; ordinary preachings, prayer and class meetings were varied in the fall and winter months by special services in different neighborhoods. Sometimes an exchange between father and the ministerial brother of an adjacent field of labor made a variety in the quality of the pulpit pabulum, pleasant or otherwise, according to the varying tastes of those who derived their chief spiritual nourishment from that source. In any case it saved the situation from becoming monotonous.

Within the parsonage all went on as usual; *as usual* meaning the whole range of accidents and mishaps incident to the peculiar activities of three unusually active children all under six years of age. Sometimes

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mother had help, and sometimes she hadn't, the overwork of the times when she hadn't being pretty well counterbalanced by the breaking of dishes, the waste of food and fuel, and the general discomfort during the times that she had.

Taking it all in all the about-as-usual routine of life in the parsonage meant anything but monotony, for if father had not come home from some preaching trip with an attack of asthma, one of her stepsons would have the mumps, or one of her own toddlers the croup. But varied as these experiences were, mother was destined to widen her outlook, dearly as she loved peace and quietness, and much as she strove to promote both in her home. There are, at times, forces at work which defy any and every species of foresight. Mother's prevailing fear was of fire, and she guarded, with most jealous care, every means by which the fearsome enemy might find a loophole of advantage and creep through. Although comparative safety was assured to her by the fact that the parsonage was built of stone, she kept up a ceaseless watch, especially over the maid, who could not be persuaded either by commands or entreaties to let the ashes become thoroughly cold before emptying them into the ash-bin, a wooden receptacle at the back of the house. But no vigilance could match this maid's wilful carelessness, and so it happened one clear, cold night that my father was roused from his slumbers by our mother's terrified cry, "The house is on fire!" He jumped up, taking time only to put on his slippers, before giving the alarm, and the sight of the minister, speeding along the street to where he knew help could be found, in the

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primitive freedom of night-shirt and slippers, shouting "Fire!" at the top of his voice, made a sensation in the village, and caused much humorous comment when all danger was over. Strong men and true, with clear heads and willing hands, gathered quickly, and set to work to save the household goods. Others made brave efforts to save the building, and by almost superhuman exertions, for they had neither fire-engine nor garden hose to aid them, they succeeded in overcoming the fury of the flames so that only the woodwork and a portion of the plastering were destroyed. Once assured of her children's safety in the care of kind-hearted neighbors, mother became the chief of the brigade who had undertaken to remove the furniture, bedding, books and clothing, and under her direction this was managed with comparatively little loss. Then came the work of getting settled in temporary quarters; and this attempt to bring order out of chaos was one to tax the dear mother's skill and patience to the uttermost. But she accomplished all that and a great deal more by the strength of her will and indomitable perseverance. Again we had a home, which, in every instance, was essentially of mother's making.

Within a year after the fire in the parsonage the family peace was upset for a space by an accident to the baby, a child of nomadic inclinations, and such tireless activity that it was considered far beyond the powers of any one individual to keep track of her movements. A tinsmith's shop nearby afforded an exhaustless store of amusement, since the proprietor was particularly kind and gracious in his treatment of

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this special, diminutive visitor, who at this date was but eighteen months old. The incident is so trivial, that I give it mention only because it is connected with my first remembrance of father and his great tenderness towards me, which awakened a response within my baby-heart so deep and strong that to this day I am conscious of quickened vibrations whenever I hear his name or recall his face.

The little round bits of tin punched out of the bottom of cooking steamers were the baby's great delight, since she could make-believe keep house with them, setting them out in fanciful array on her doll's table. But one day she so far forgot her new dignity as housekeeper, that she lapsed into the true baby fashion of putting everything in her mouth. The next thing Mr. Farley noticed was a horrible choking cry, and his little visitor in a sort of convulsion. He did his best to get the obstruction either up or down the small throat, but without success, and then ran hastily with her to the minister's home. Mother's ability to meet an emergency was again brought into play, and soon, through her efforts, the piece of tin was removed; but none too soon, for the limp form, the distorted and discolored features showed that the struggle for life had nearly proved too much for the poor baby. Later, when all danger was over, and father made me happy by carrying me up and down the room in his arms, he kissed me and said, "And were they going to choke my baby when she has to be a woman yet." That thought of being *the woman* my father wanted me to be has stayed with me all my life, even unto this day.

CHAPTER VI.

NORWOOD AND "*THE GUARDIAN'S*" FUTURE EDITOR.

THE next on the list of family events was the ever-dreaded packing-up and moving, in obedience to the mandate of the Conference, which saw fit to send father to the village of Norwood, that the inhabitants thereof might receive the Gospel message through a Methodist trumpeter, and be led forth to battle for the truth, under the old-time banner of Methodism. But mother was not strong, and as no suitable house was available at the time, father took her to her old home in Cavan, with us three children, where we all stayed until after the birth of a baby brother, early in September. One of father's most dearly valued friends among his brother ministers at this date was the Rev. Richard Jones, and so the baby was given that honored name, to our father's delight and the manifest pleasure of his friend. But nobody ever thought of calling him that; it didn't seem to fit the delicate little morsel of a creature, who seemed too frail to live, and yet held such a tenacious hold on life that mother never gave up hope of keeping him. We children called him Dickey, which was abbreviated to Dick as he grew up, and suited him well. Early in the autumn of

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that year father came for us, and soon we were quite at home amid the new surroundings.

My sister and I have no remembrance of any continuous course of events in Norwood. Here and there something stands out prominently, but that is all. The first thing I recall is a church tea-meeting, partly to increase the parsonage Furnishing Fund, and also to enable the belated wife of the minister to meet the people. As President of the Association on whom the burden of preparation fell, she had ample opportunity to become acquainted with the ladies of the flock. Every meeting for consultation was held at the parsonage, and at these it was finally decided for all the ladies of the congregation to send in contributions of flour, butter, eggs, sugar and dried fruit, and have all the baking and preparing done at the parsonage under the supervision of the minister's wife. A different committee was appointed for each day's work, and the dear mother's tact and ingenuity were kept in full play to arrange a proper daily division of labor, not simply for each lady, but for each committee, so that every piece of work should dovetail into each other, and make a success of the whole. The results placed her in the front ranks of tea-meeting managers. Oh, the basketfuls that were carried over to the church and disposed of on the long table that stretched from one end of the driving-shed to the other! Flags and festoons of evergreens and bunting gave a picturesque effect to the very unpretentious tea-room, and made it look very bright and pretty in the soft glow of an early October afternoon. Matt felt himself much too big a boy to stay around

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the kitchen while the baking was being done, but he was none too big to eat a broken cookie or a little sponge-cake or a tartlet that had come to grief in some way in its transfer from oven to pantry; and Mary and I were in such danger of repletion that our good mother was constantly interfering in view of Nature's resentment and her added nocturnal labors later on.

But that tea-meeting! It was an event in Methodist circles to the utmost limits of the circuit. How everybody enjoyed everything! We three older children, under our mother's strict attention, soon got through our allotted portion, and then, with the plea of going to see where nurse and baby Dickie were, we scrambled down and took a minute survey of the table, where ten minutes before, we had seen roast turkey, jellied chicken, potted beef, cold roast pork and pickles, cakes of every size, shape and description, pies and tarts ditto, custards, and blanc mange, with various accompaniments of preserved fruit and jellies, and now, "like the baseless fabric of a vision," nothing but memories of the abundance remained. Three times over was that great table laid, in the same order, and with the same abundance of toothsome viands, before the multitude was fed. Then everybody, except the waiters and dishwashers, repaired to the church for music and speeches. Mother made an exception of herself and us children, and went home very pleased with the success of the tea, but utterly weary and glad of a chance to be quiet. When father came in after everything was over, he said to mother, "Well, child, you got any number of compliments, and any

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amount of praise for your part in this affair, but I'm wondering if that will make up to you for being so dead tired to-night."

"Just to-night it doesn't," said mother, "but to-morrow I'll be rested, and then I'll be glad that I helped make it a success."

The next occurrence that I remember was my first ride on horseback, from the gate to the house, father holding me on. Tired as he was after a long ride over very bad roads, he led his fine big bay up and down the yard until both Mary and I, in turns, were able to keep our seat in the saddle without being held. Many a good ride we have both had since, but I question if we ever enjoyed such unalloyed pleasure as we did that evening.

Then came a morning when a young man named Edward Hartley Dewart, who lived some miles from the village, called to see father, bringing with him a number of poems of his own composition. Father asked him to read them aloud, and I remember how well I liked the rhythmic sounds, and how father commended the beautiful sentiments. That was but the beginning of calls on the part of this young man, whose heart was already burning with desire to be a standard-bearer in the ranks of Methodism. Father gave him ready sympathy, and good advice as to his reading and studies, besides a series of close questionings by which he might search his own heart and penetrate into the realm of motives. Father himself had no doubts of the genuineness of his young friend's call to the ministry, and smoothed the pathway for him so far as lay in his power. In later years, when

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honors many and well-deserved were showered upon this ministerial son of the Norwood circuit, father said, as if talking to himself, ‘God bless him! I knew he’d make his mark.’ A copy of Dr. Dewart’s first volume of poems, sent to him with “the author’s kindest remembrance,” was one of father’s book-treasures to the end of his life.

There were a great many very delightful people on this circuit, as I have heard both father and mother say, but I shall have to be forgiven for not being able to remember any incidents connecting them with our life at the parsonage. There were the Foleys (though not Methodists), the Bucks, the Pearces and the Cannons, all important people in matters connected with the religious and social life of the place. But my personal recollections have attached themselves to the second two of these four families, presumably because of the droll or pathetic circumstances that caught and held my attention. Mr. Peter Pearce was a particularly welcome guest at the parsonage, both to the grown-ups and the children; and we little folks thought it a great treat to have a visit at his home. So did the junior preacher on the circuit, who boarded with us; but, young as I was at the time, it is hardly for me to decide whether it was the genial hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Pearce or the bright winsomeness of Miss Jane that had attracted him. One day father and he drove out together and were discussing church matters pro and con with their host, when father noticed that Mrs. Pearce’s mother, a dear, gentle old lady, but afflicted mentally, kept coming into the sitting-room and eyeing the young preacher very

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keenly. This young brother, when at all excited, was much given to running his fingers through his hair. Father and Mr. Pearce, if they noticed his movements at all, thought him quite stirred up by the subjects of conversation. Not so the old lady, who having borne his apparent discomfort as long as she could, brought him two combs, stating in significant terms the particular use of each. Then she darted out of the room, leaving the junior preacher with a very brilliant complexion, but a wholly puzzled expression, while father and Mr. Pearce made the house ring with peals of laughter. Between them, the young brother was made to understand that his unconscious gestures had made him the object of the dear old lady's well-meant attentions. He was sadly mortified, poor man; but the lesson given him was well learned, and his objectionable habit entirely overcome.

Our good friend Mr. Cannon's name was Patrick, but, true Methodist though he was, and an out-and-out Protestant, he was never called anything but "Paddy" Cannon, except of course to his face. What a dear man he was, so tender-hearted, so genial, so earnest in his talks with father and so merry with us children. We all loved him dearly, and greatly enjoyed his visits. But this good man had his "thorn in the flesh," though what it was I had no better knowledge then than I have now of the trouble which afflicted Paul; but the very indefiniteness made it all the harder to bear for us who loved him. One day he came to see father, and no one else was asked for. After a long talk he went away, still without a word or look for any of us, but the sight of his tear-stained

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face and his look of suffering, coupled with father's good-bye words, "Don't give up your class, brother, I beg of you; stand up like a man under your cross, heavy though it be, and God will use you to glorify Himself," all made us sure that our friend had much to bear. He went away comforted and strengthened, for he and father had prayed together as well as talked; but "the thorn in the flesh" was not removed, nor the cross lifted; he carried his burden with him to the grave. When father knew of his death he wept, and said, "He was brave, and good, and true, and God took him."

Then came a visit from Rev. William Case, "Father Case," as he was generally called, and we were all deeply interested in him because of what we had heard about his successful efforts in establishing Indian Missions. Father took me on his knee and introduced me by saying, "Brother Case, this little girl wants to be a missionary by and by." The kind old man reached out his arms, lifted me from father's knee to his own, and, stroking my hair, said, "She'll make a fine woman yet, but she'll see a deal of sorrow." I was frightened as well as attracted, for his words burned themselves into my baby brain, so I crept back again to my place on father's knee, and listened to every word they had to say about our red brothers and sisters, their needs and their possibilities. Such a new world of thought was opened up that for many a day I could think of nothing but Indian Mission work, and father's words that it would be a

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“proud day for him when a daughter of his would take up such work,” sank deep into my heart.

It was not long, however, before a new interest was awakened by the advent of a lecturer on Slavery, himself an escaped slave, with a price on his head. This Moses Roper was a man who had made the most of his opportunities, and, being naturally gifted, had succeeded in gaining an education along general lines where an ordinary man would have dropped out of the ranks discouraged. He had been captured once and taken South, and his tales of his many adventures in making good his second escape were only outdone in interest by the awful scenes through which he passed, and the tortures he was made to endure. Father took to the man at once, and started a subscription on his behalf, to which the good people of Norwood responded liberally. What was their grief then, when they saw by the papers a few months later, that the twice-escaped slave, Moses Roper, had ventured across the lines and had been recaptured. He was never heard of again. But the man's magnetic personality had made such a deep impression upon everyone whom he met that it was many a year before the stories he had told of slave-life in the South and conjectures as to his own probable fate ceased to be matters of interested conversation among the people who had heard him. There were some, of course, who doubted his account of himself, but he had given father names of responsible people in the States, and these men without an exception verified his statements. As a consequence of all this father's horror of slavery became intensified, and his indig-

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nation against the men who bought and sold men, women and children as if they were but cattle grew to a white heat. He could hardly preach a sermon without referring to the subject, and even at family prayers we were kept in constant remembrance of "our colored brethren in the South." No wonder then that we children early imbibed strong views on this and kindred subjects. Pretty strong views, pretty strongly expressed, formed no small part of our daily mental rations, and we took kindly to them.

Next there came a diversion of a wholly domestic character. Our eldest half-brother, John, was making his own way in the world and did not visit us very often; but George and William came frequently, so that we knew them well and loved them as our very own. Eliza, our half-sister, lived with us altogether, and had grown to be a bright girl of sixteen, with bonny blue eyes and curly auburn hair. In view of giving her better opportunities for education than the Norwood school afforded, father had arranged to place her as pupil-teacher in the private school for young ladies conducted by Mrs. Nesbitt of Peterborough, the daughter of his old friend, Mr. Walter Sheridan. I'm not sure now whether father was to drive her to Peterborough, a distance of about twenty-five miles, or to accompany her by stage; but in any case his plans were all upset by a sudden, sharp illness, and the stage-ride, with suitable escort, was fixed upon and all arrangements made with that in view. On the evening previous to her departure the lassie got permission to go out and say good-bye to some of her special friends among the neighbors, but

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when the hours passed and she did not return father grew so anxious that his illness was aggravated, and mother became alarmed. Messengers were sent out in various directions, the last of whom, returning very late, brought word that the little maid had been persuaded to take a husband rather than work as pupil-teacher for a better education. It was a terrible blow to us all, but especially to father, who, sick and helpless, could only toss from side to side in the restlessness of fever and bemoan his uselessness. Our mother had her hands full, as well as her heart and head, for the next day brought a letter from the little bride, telling how happy she was, and asking for father's forgiveness and permission to get her clothes. It took all mother's powers of argument and persuasion to get his consent to her sending the clothes to the address given, but forgiveness was not yet even to be mentioned. She bided her time, however, and in the end secured permission for the young couple to come to the parsonage, and, that much gained, the breach soon became, to all appearances, healed over. Happy as she thought she was, the young bride was far happier when she stood once more within her father's arms and received the kiss which meant his forgiveness.

My next remembrance is of a special bath, going to sleep in our new brother-in-law's house, waking up to be dressed for travelling, and then such a lot of kissing and petting and tearful good-byes.

CHAPTER VII.

LINDSAY AND DEVELOPING INFLUENCES.

In view of its time-honored custom, and its accepted authority in such matters, I assume that the Conference Stationing Committee was the power that decreed our removal from Norwood to Lindsay. Of the packing-up of our goods and chattels I have no recollection, nor of our journey, so I suppose that Mary and I were sent to the home of our newly-married sister during the former, and that the latter was an uneventful drive which kept no place for itself in my memory. The Lindsay of 1849 was by no means the Lindsay of to-day, but it was a nice village where many of the excellent of the earth had made their homes. I am not really sure, but my thought is that at that date there were only two churches in the place, the Methodist, under father's care, and the Roman Catholic, in charge of Rev. Father Chisholm, a good man and true, who watched well over the interests of his flock in temporal as well as spiritual matters, especially concerning education. Father and he became firm friends, each holding tenaciously to his own religious views, but respecting those of the other. As time went on and the friendship strengthened it came to be a daily afternoon occurrence for the two, so far apart on doctrinal subjects, yet drawn so close by kindly human sympathy, to meet at the

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corner and walk down to the post-office together. We never knew, of course, what Father Chisholm may have said about the Methodist minister to his staid old housekeeper, but more than once we heard father laughingly say to mother, "Well, for a red-hot Orangeman to love a Catholic, and a priest at that, as I love that man, is quare entoirely." And mother would answer, "Don't forget, my dear, that it's not the Orangeman and the Catholic who love each other, but just the two Christian men, who both want to do all the good they can in their own way." Some of the Methodists laughed and others looked very grave and shook their heads, and I presume that Father Chisholm's people did pretty much the same; but an old gentleman named Britton, who lived near us, who didn't believe very much in churches of any sort, told mother that "the sight of the parson and the priest walking arm-in-arm did more to strengthen his faith in Christianity than anything else he saw."

The next thing I recall was the arrival on a very bright night in December of such a beautiful baby sister that we children never had the slightest doubt of her heavenly origin, but the manner of her transit to this lower sphere puzzled us sorely, and our unwearied ingenuity in the manufacture of questions puzzled our elders still more sorely. Father's Irish wit was all that saved him from being obliged to tell us either facts or fibs; but his droll surmises and return-questionings always covered his retreat with a glory to which it had no claim, and made our onslaughts on mother and the nurse all the more fierce and persistent. But the baby was an unqualified joy

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to us all from the moment when, roused from our slumbers by her plaintive cries, we called for mother, and father came instead and promised us that if we'd all "be quiet and good he'd come back very soon and show us the dearest little angel baby in the world." Very quiet we were, and very soon he came with a wee mite of a thing cuddled up against his heart, and we were allowed to feast our eyes on the perfect little features, the soft rings of brown hair, the morsels of hands and feet, and the dainty long white clothes. Each of us was allowed just one little kiss, which father said "must be very soft and gentle, because angels weren't used to our rough ways, and this beautiful little creature might get frightened." We so wanted to keep her that we were obedient enough to satisfy even the white-robed invisible ones hovering round us. The baby was called Elizabeth, after Grandma Knowlson, and as her resemblance to mother's family was quite pronounced, the dear old grandmother was made happy, and soon afterwards came, with grandpa, to make us a visit.

Then came a very practical lesson on the sin of Sabbath-breaking. Father had been instilling into our youthful minds at morning prayers various general principles of right living. The fourth Commandment had received special attention and, for the time at least, we were duly impressed; but some nice clean pieces of boards and scantlings had been thrown into the woodshed, which opened off the kitchen; and father had bought an axe, new and bright, on which the winter sunlight played attractively. I had an almost insane love of new wood, especially pine

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boards, and for a tiny girl of four-and-a-half, a most absurd notion of trying to imitate father. Therefore, when I heard him say to our brother William one Saturday night, "If Monday were only here I'd dearly love to give that new axe a try," some wee thought-serpent crept into my small mind and suggested that a taste of the fruit of this "tree of knowledge" would be very sweet indeed. So I lay awake as long as ever the angel of sleep would let me, and planned how to get that longed-for taste. The next thing I knew it was Sunday morning, bright and clear and cold, and so early that not even Jinnie, our maid-of-all-work, was astir. The little thought-serpent was awake and as ready for mischief as I was. So away we scampered together to the woodshed, and there lay the glittering axe, with its white, polished handle, beside the new bits of boards and the little logs of hardwood for the fireplace. The little thought-serpent's ambition matched my own, and so we decided to try the new axe on a pretty block of maple. But, alas for ambition, and alas still more for that last delightful little morning doze in which the entire household was sweetly indulging, that new axe just wouldn't swing nicely round my head and come down in the right place on that maple log. Instead of that it turned right out of its course, and split open the big toe of my left foot. The shrieks that followed brought a goodly variety of nightrobes to the scene in a very short space of time. But it was Jinnie, the maid, who reached me first, and from her fierce denunciation of such "shameful conduct for a minister's datter," I learned that it just served me right

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“fur goin’ to work to break the very first hour uv the blessed Sabbath day.” But Jinnie was washing away the blood and binding up my toe all the time she was scolding, so that, by the time she was through, the easing of the pain and the wonder what had become of the pieces into which I had broken that “first hour of the Sabbath day,” had almost banished my quick repentance and the agonies of expectant punishment. But when father reappeared, fully dressed, he took me in his arms, saying, “Hush, Jinnie, she’s been punished enough, poor child!” oh, how I loved him for being so tender, and how I hugged him as he carried me back to bed, sobbing out promises all the way that I never would break any more “first hours of the Sabbath day, never, never!” And I kept my promises, so far as splitting wood was concerned; but it stayed with me as an unsolvable puzzle for many a year, why it was so much more wicked to do some things on Sunday than on Monday; and why, if ’twas wrong to do some things, it wasn’t wrong to do anything; and why God hadn’t made out a list of all the things He didn’t want us to do, so that we’d know for sure.

Winter passed away, and spring, and in the early summer, being five years old, I was sent to the village school with Mary, who was sixteen months older. There were no kindergarten methods in vogue then, and I grow sorry whenever I think of us two, and others just as young, and what we had to endure through the long, weary days. Then came our second lesson in temperance; but I’ll tell you about that in

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another chapter, along with the story of our first, which we learned before we moved to Lindsay.

I must not forget to mention that at the time of which I am writing the Lindsay circuit included the Indian Mission on Scugog Island. I do not know just how often father went there to hold services, but I remember hearing him tell of the difficulty of speaking to his congregation through an interpreter, the strangeness of it proving at times very distracting. But we children had nothing but enjoyment out of our connection with our Indian friends, who were constant visitors at the house, bringing baskets and bead-work for sale, and frequent presents of game and fish. Mother, as a girl, had known quite a number of this tribe, who used to camp on a corner of her father's farm, and she was very pleased to renew her acquaintance with them. My own infantile enthusiasm for mission-work was revived, and manifested itself in daily efforts to teach English words to a class of all the colored spools I could find in mother's work-basket. Father told some of the Indian women and made them laugh, but ever after they made a great deal of me after their own fashion. It was through father's intercourse with these dear people that we learned to know and love Rev. John Sunday. What a sweet nature he had; true as steel, keen too, and far-seeing, and with a sense of humor that made him a delightful companion. Father used to say, "If there were more like him, red-skinned or white, we'd soon have a different world to live in." His influence over his own people was always good, and his sermons and addresses were made very attractive by illustrations

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from nature, and from their own half-wild way of living. He was particularly fond of pointing his remarks about the good results of intelligent industry by referring to the beaver and the work it accomplished. I cannot be positive about the endurance through all the years of dear old Father Sunday's influence upon my childish thoughts, but certain it is that the older I grew the better I understood and appreciated his admiration of the wise little furry friend since promoted to be one of our national emblems. And so I have voiced my thoughts in rhyme as follows:

THE MAPLE LEAF AND BEAVER.

The bright Maple Leaf and the Beaver
Are emblems we love to display.
Then watch we the trail of the spoiler,
Then stand we for rights of the toiler,
While the Beaver keeps working away.

We're proud of our land of the Maple,
Our country's behests we obey,
We're glad of her greatness progressing,
We ask on each effort a blessing,
While the Beaver keeps working away.

So here's to our hope of the future,—
The boys and the girls at their play,—
Who'll stand by the right in their station,
And build up the strength of the nation,
While the Beaver keeps working away.

Here's to her who must earn her own living,
Each lassie so brave and so gay,
Who sings at her work, and while humming,
Builds hopes of the dear home that's coming,
While the Beaver keeps working away.

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To the women and men who are toiling
From morning till eve of the day,
Hearts starving for pleasure and beauty,
But loyally faithful to duty,
While the Beaver keeps working away.

And here's to the man who is giving
The wage that is righteous to pay,
Whose wealth is not scrimped out of others,
Who thinks of his workmen as brothers,
While the Beaver keeps working away.

Here's to artist, and writer, and teacher,
Who think, and who feel, and who say
The truth as they see it and know it,
Who care for their fellows and show it,
While the Beaver keeps working away.

And here's to the man in the Senate,
Giving bond unto honor each day
To watch for all wrong and oppose it,
And fight till the right overthrows it,
While the Beaver keeps working away.

I must not forget to mention that Lindsay was the home of the Rev. Thomas Culbert, though he was a mere lad at the time of which I am writing. Then there were the Biglows and the Gourlays, of whom I do not remember a great deal, except that the boys of the Biglow family were great big fellows and were very kind to me at school. There was a Mr. Mitchell, who kept the hotel, whose daughter Martha was one of our little chums, although she was older than either Mary or I. But the friend of whom I have the most distinct recollection was Mr. Moses McNeil, whom we children with loving familiarity called "Uncle

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Mosey.” He was blind, having lost his eyesight when only about seven years of age, through a fall while carrying a table-fork to his mother. The unhurt eye so sympathized with the injured one that it was found impossible to save the sight of either of them; and so, with only the memories of what he had noticed in those very early years, he went through life bravely and cheerily, making sunshine for himself and for everyone else all along the journey. He was one of the local preachers on the circuit, and a very acceptable one too, his knowledge of the Bible and the hymn-book, together with his quaintly forceful way of expressing himself, now in humorous fashion, now with deep pathos, made him a welcome substitute for the minister at any time. We children watched for his coming and greeted him with an ever-increasing delight; his sympathy was so quick and so true that we brought all our troubles to him, sure that he would listen and try to help us. We were also deeply interested in all the little tests and experiments which father and William tried to prove whether or not he could make good his pleasant small boasts about his acuteness of hearing and the delicacy of his sense of touch. The latter was really wonderful, far and away beyond that of those who think they possess the full use of all their senses; but his ears seemed to do duty for everything. He never came to see us but some new device was resorted to, some little trick played to try and catch him off guard, but we never did. We might sit or stand absolutely still behind the door, or at the far end of the room, while he shook hands with those who went forward to greet him, then he would stand

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with an expectant air and say, "Who else is in the room?" Without telling any fibs we would try to persuade him that he was mistaken, but *he knew*, and we never succeeded in making him think that he didn't. We never quite believed that his hearing alone made him so sharp, there seemed to be something psychic in it. As we say of some noted man, "he never forgets a face," so of Uncle Mosey McNeil it might be said, *he never forgot a voice*. Once, long after I was grown up, I was teaching school at a distance from home, and on coming out of the church one Sunday morning I was delightedly surprised to see our old friend, whom I had not met for over twelve years. Going up to him very softly, I said, "Why, Uncle Mosey, how are you?" "I'm very well, thank you," he answered. "You are one of the Sandersons, aren't you, and I do believe it's little Millie." Then, of course, followed questions about the rest of the family, not one of whom he failed to recall in connection with some special trifling peculiarity. Dear, kind, sunny-hearted old man, gone home long ago to the land where his spirit-eyes have full play.

The next thing memory brings back to me is the first sermon I heard my father preach. I had been taken to church regularly enough from the time I could be induced to keep quiet, but never before had I thought of listening to the preacher. It was my father's voice, it is true, but that his sermons were meant for anyone but the grown-ups never occurred to me until this special Sunday, when in the process of being got ready for church, I had given way to temper and had been severely reproved by the maid,

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who threatened to tell father how angry I had been. That threat brought me to my senses and made me promise to be good.

However, my anger was roused again when father announced his text, "Be ye angry, and sin not; let not the sun go down upon your wrath," for I was sure as sure could be that, in spite of my promises and my real hard try to be good, Jinnie had told father about my bad temper in the morning. All right, then, I'd see to Jinnie when I'd get home, but just now my whole thought was centred on hearing all that father meant to say about this terrible sin, and about me for committing it; for my biggest hope never prompted me to expect any escape from exposure and public reproof; for was I not the minister's daughter, and ought I not to set a good example, and was it not the minister's duty to bring evil things into the light and denounce them as works of the devil? All this was bad enough, but when father went on and proved both by texts and Bible illustrations that *anger meant murder in the heart*, I turned so sick that I had to lean over against mother, who thought I was just tired and sleepy, and so let me rest, but paid no further attention. Cain, of course, figured largely in the account of the awful consequences of unbridled anger, and I remember feeling far more sorry for him than for Abel, who had only a few seconds of pain and then was taken up to heaven, while Cain, for his moment of uncontrolled passion, had to spend a lifetime of remorse, branded with the sign of his guilt, and was sent away to wander far from his parents and home. The mark

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on his forehead seemed the worst of all, for wherever he'd go everybody would know that he had done that fearful deed. It was an awful blow to my sense of justice, and it rankled; but what could I do, mite that I was, mentally as well as physically? After service I was beyond measure astonished that father's manner to me was just as kind as ever, and at last I ventured to ask him when Jinnie had told him about me. He said that Jinnie hadn't told him anything; well, then, how did he know how angry I had been, so as to preach about it? For answer he took me on his knee and helped me to understand that the Word of God, which is *Truth*, strikes hard at all sin; and that if we have done wrong, yet really want to do right, we are sure to feel keenly. "Learn to rule your own spirit, little woman, and you'll be all right," he said, as he lifted me from his knee to my own little chair, and went off to his next appointment. It was good advice and sorely needed, for the "ruling of my own spirit" was to be the work of many years, involving much mental struggling, much sorrow and many crucifixions of the flesh.

I cannot now remember where the May District Meeting of that year was held, but I know that father went to it first and then on to the Conference without returning home. Conference was held in Toronto, and as there were no railways the mail-service was carried by stage-coach. Father was not a good correspondent, and so mother had to practise the grace of patience, as well as the gift of ingenuity. She must not pack up, lest we might be left in Lindsay, and she must not settle down to stay, for fear of the swift

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upheaval of our household goods, should word come that we must move. But no word came till father brought it, he having been delayed by a serious accident to the stage, in which several were injured. though he escaped unhurt.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WILLIAMSBURG CIRCUIT AND FRIENDS.

From Lindsay we moved to Cartwright, later called the Williamsburg Circuit. It was not a very long move, but the roads were not good, and father's latest investment in horseflesh was equally discreditable to his penetration and to the honesty of the man who sold the beast. It was a memorable journey because of the many hairbreadth escapes we had, through the vagaries of temper displayed by this very unwilling four-footed servant. Therefore it was, that when, on our arrival, mother found herself and children and her house-furnishings dumped into a somewhat ramshackle farmhouse away back from the road, in the open country, with only one or two homes in sight, she had no word of protest to make, so thankful was she to know that she and her helpless little ones were no longer at the mercy of the great black brute, whose preference was decidedly for two-legged equestrian feats, and for rapid retrograde movements, of which no self-respecting quadruped could have been guilty.

This was our home for two years, there being no parsonage, and no house to rent in the village of Williamsburg. I have often thought since how wonderfully mother's early training as the daughter of a pioneer had fitted her for the many trying experiences of her life in the Methodist itinerancy. She was a

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woman of resources, and even when these reached their limits, as they sometimes did, there was always a brave face and a cheerful endurance. If she ever allowed herself to spell the word failure, we children never heard her, nor even guessed at any temptation in that direction. "Let each do his and her best," she would say, "and we're sure to come out all right." And so she worked, and so she prayed, and so she trained her children to face life's difficulties.

Here again we found good friends, nice kind people, who were true of heart and free of hand, ministering in things temporal to the man by whom they were ministered unto in things spiritual. There were the Bruces, two families of them; the Mills and the Devitts, the Croziers and the Devers, and a host of others whose names have slipped out of my memory during the many years that have come and gone since their many acts of kindness warmed our hearts.

The only house in sight, so far as I remember, belonged to a man familiarly known among his neighbors as Andy Dever. He was not a member of father's church flock nor indeed of any church, but he was an exceedingly kind and helpful neighbor. He seemed to have a liking for us and came in often to chat with father over various items of interest in the weekly newspaper, and we all liked him, he was so good-hearted and full of fun. Mary and I thought he was one of the class-leaders, he was always so careful in his way of talking when he came to see us, but one day we were playing near a piece of newly-cleared land where he was hauling logs and brush into great heaps for burning, and we overheard him use

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words to which we were not accustomed, and which did not have a real class-meeting sound, although we had no idea what they meant. And yet we felt sure, by some sort of instinctive perception, that he wouldn't have used these words had he been talking to father. The only way to get the matter settled was to ask father, and so we went to him at once, sorely troubled at the thought of grieving him by such a report. But when we learned that our friend was not a professing Christian our sorrow was of a most perplexing nature, since we could not feel sure in our little minds which was the worse case, to be a Christian and be disloyal to his profession, or not to be a Christian at all and so without any chance of getting to heaven. Father took occasion to tell Mr. D. of the incident, and the dear man said that it would be a lesson to him as long as he lived. At the same time our thought of him as a Methodist class-leader afforded him great amusement, and occasioned many a good laugh.

Mr. Dever and father were greatly interested in the predictions of a man named Johnston, who, at that early day of telegraphic communication, assured people of much that has since taken place, and of more that is yet to be revealed to us. The man was thought to be "off his balance," but later developments and discoveries have proved that he was only ahead of his times. But these discussions set us children thinking and then asking questions, and through the answers we received came much of our earlier knowledge of the wonderfully attractive world that lay out beyond us. We experimented on every-

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thing we heard our elders reading or talking about, from scenes in the Crimean war, or slavery in the Southern States, as depicted in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," then a comparatively new book, to explorations in Africa, polar expeditions, and the probable state of one's feelings if unfortunate enough to be buried alive. Some of these experiments might easily have had fatal results, we were so thoughtlessly daring, but beyond a goodly number of scratches and cuts, bumps and bruises, we were none the worse. Our good mother had the worst of it, for her fears for our safety were ever on the wing, and she never knew a moment's real peace of mind except when we were asleep, and hardly then, for several of us were subject to throat troubles which gave her much anxiety.

Then, too, as we grew older and bigger the question of clothes for us all became a very serious problem, for money did not grow with our growth, nor increase with our numbers, at least not to any appreciable extent.

A certain proportion of the minister's salary was paid "in kind." Sometimes these contributions were all that could be desired; and sometimes faith, patience and ingenuity were equally and severely taxed to blend the incongruous and to make articles wholly unsuitable do moderate duty in the supply of family requirements.

On one occasion a great bale of wool was sent, and when the messenger went away father stood and looked at it with a most comical air of perplexity. Then he turned to mother and said, "What in the name of wonder shall we do with it? We can neither

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eat, drink, nor wear it; do you suppose we can sell it?" Mother laughed and answered, "If you'll get me a pair of cards and a spinning-wheel I'll show you that we can do a good deal better than sell it." The cards and the wheel were borrowed, and under mother's dexterous hands did such good service that in a few weeks' time a big roll of pretty navy-blue-and-red-check flannel came home from the weaver's, and in another week Mary and I were gowned in homespun dresses of our mother's making, of which we were sorely in need. It was a revelation to the women of the circuit when it became known that the minister's wife was not only well versed in all the details of ordinary housekeeping, but that she could take wool in the rough and with her own hands put it through all the tedious processes of washing, picking, carding and spinning, and in the end turn dress-maker, with results she had no need to be ashamed of, was an astonishment to them. It was weary work, that carding and spinning, but to this day I recall her slender figure swaying gracefully as she stepped lightly to and fro, and held the yarn, now high above her head, now lower, while the wheel whirled gleefully, fast or slow, at her bidding. Mary and I have had a variety of dresses since, some of them pretty and dainty enough, but I'm quite sure that we never had any of which we felt so proud as we did of those our mother made from start to finish.

There was no church nearer than "The Corners," known later as Williamsburg, and as that was too far for mother and our baby sister to walk, or for us older children to go alone, our Sundays were days to

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be somewhat dreaded. Sometimes a class-meeting was held at Mr. John Bruce's house, and then mother would take us all and go. These breaks in the monotony of Sunday life were a great pleasure to us children, not that class-meeting in itself meant so much to us, but it gave an opportunity to wear our good clothes, to have a walk, and to see people. Mother was more than glad to indulge us in this way as often as possible, though I am sure a good sleep or a chance to read some favorite author, or indeed any chance to be quiet for a couple of hours, would have been a heavenly boon to her. But as she had accepted us all as gifts from the Lord, to be cared for and trained for His service, our best interests always came before her own comfort. My only remembrance of these meetings seems now rather the recollection of my childish impressions. I used to wonder why some of the men spoke their experiences in such a totally different tone of voice to that which they used in talking to each other when the meeting was over, and why the women almost always began to cry before they got through speaking. They were quite a study to us all, and of course when we held our next meeting in the woodshed or the summer-house we endeavored to reproduce these tones and expressions of feeling in order to make our services as like those of the grown-ups as we could. Poor mother was troubled about these imitations, which I fancy often bordered on the ludicrous, but father advised her to pay no attention, since any repression might result in an outbreak along some other line, possibly more harmful. And for that once, at least, his judgment in the management of us

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was better than mother's, wise as she was, and so we were left to contrive our own special amusements and carry them on after our own fashion.

It was a very monotonous life in one way, and yet as I look back and recall our various escapades, the many accidents that befell us, calling for mother's skill in the dressing of wounds and bruises, and her cheery tenderness in helping us to be brave and plucky, I am amazed to think how she found time to instruct Mary and me every day in our three R's and train us in needlework and knitting. She did, however, and to such good purpose that, at eight years of age Mary had made a shirt each for Matt and Dick, and I had pieced a quilt for our own cot and knitted a pair of socks for father. Ah, but wasn't he proud of his "little women," as he called us, and wasn't his praise of our work a full reward for all the misery of those tedious sewing lessons, when the air was throbbing with sunlight warmth, the fragrance of clover blossoms, and the singing of the birds.

The boys went to school, and I envied them their privilege. Not because I had begun to thirst after knowledge for its own sake, but because school had opened up to them a world of interesting association with other boys and girls, whose lives seemed to be wider and fuller than ours. We went for a few weeks, but as we learned to pluck fruit from branches of the tree of knowledge hitherto beyond our reach, and were not improved thereby, the home lessons were resumed, both father and mother declaring that no amount of schooling could counterbalance the influences to which

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we were exposed. We got on fairly well, I fancy, for at seven we had read and thoroughly enjoyed that wonderful book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Then a new interest came to us all in the birth of a baby brother, whom we children called Jimmie, though he was christened James Henry. What a dear baby he was, mother's last link in her chain of six, and the darling of father's old age, so he said.

It was during our sojourn in Cartwright that mother's loving heart was three times torn with grief over the deaths of father and mother and her brother Matthew. Ah, how brave she was, hiding her grief from us children, so that death's shadow might not thus early darken our lives and sadden our hearts.

Father's duties took him away from home a great deal, and he would come back very weary; but we children were always sure of a frolic of some sort just so soon as the poor, tired horse could be cared for. And by this very care for the horse and cow we learned not only to be fond of them as pets, but to respect them for their noble and useful qualities and to take thought of their claims to consideration. The fact that father would never taste a mouthful until his horse was fed, even if the dinner was on the table, gave even the youngest of us a sense of what was due to every dumb creature about the place. And although for a long time we thought of the cow only as the source of milk for our porridge, the care father took of her stable, and the way mother prepared her bran-mash and petted her with gentle touches and pretty names taught us that, although these good creatures were ours for service, they were ours to be tenderly

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cared for because they belonged to God's family. Father was a great lover of horses, and if he could have afforded it would have ridden and driven none but thoroughbreds, and although he wouldn't advance the theory as an article of belief he was greatly pleased and comforted by John Wesley's views of a future happy existence for the animal creation. One day about this time he brought home a big black horse, a perfect beauty, having made a trial exchange of our steady old Prince for this high-stepper because of his striking appearance. The owner had been candid enough to say that this splendid creature was not possessed of a good temper, but added that he had been spoiled in training, and that he believed much could be done to overcome all this by father's wise kindness in a course of re-training. The hook was well baited by the beauty of the animal and this politic reference to our dear dad's skill as a horse-trainer, and so the trial exchange was made.

Father brought him to the front door and called for mother to come and look at him and admire all his good points. "He is a beauty," said mother, "but I'll have to judge him by his eyes, and I'll give you just a week to try your training and then be glad to bring old Prince back." "Now, then, King, my boy," said father to his new pet, "you must behave so well that the missus will take that all back before the end of the week." And then the training began, gentle coaxing, praise, encouragement, every phase of the creature's temper carefully considered. All to no purpose, however; a zebra of the plains would have responded just as well as our black beauty, and at

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the end of an hour father was so tired that he led King back to the stable, his eyes flashing fire and a fixed determination not to submit to any rules of man's making. But he reckoned without his host if he thought the fight was over. Towards evening the battle was renewed, with increased gentleness and patience on father's part, and with redoubled vigor of vicious resistance on the part of King, who seemed to know intuitively the meaning of every movement which father made. Backward and forward, up and down, circular courses he would run with the ease and grace of an antelope, but nothing would induce him to wear a bridle, nor to let anyone mount him. At first we children, through the lawlessness of our own natures, I suppose, silently took sides with King; but the longer we watched the struggle the more we recognized father's patient kindness, until we finally came to feel that our deaf mute visitor was right when she spelled on her fingers that "the big black creature was a devil and not a horse."

These scenes were re-enacted two and three times a day for four days without the slightest evidence of improvement in King's temper; indeed, he grew so vicious that we all began to fear for father's safety, and mother heaved a great sigh of relief when, early on the fifth morning, she saw him led away, and knew that our gentle Prince would soon be back to whinny his delight whenever she went near him, and to eat his pieces of apple and lumps of sugar out of her hand. But father's disappointment was very great. King was such a beautiful animal that he could not easily believe him incapable of responding to kind-

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ness and wise, patient training, and many were his surmisings as to the reason for such persistent ugliness of temper. Mother felt sure that his pedigree would prove that the law of heredity held good among brutes as well as humans, and laughingly added that the King should not be expected to submit tamely to the rules laid down for common horses.

I don't recall anything of special interest during the following winter and spring except mother's absence for a three weeks' visit with a niece who lived in Yorkville, then a sort of suburb of Toronto. This was a very pleasant event in the dear mother's life, especially as she had just recovered from a serious illness and needed the rest and change. Father insisted that even the baby should stay at home so that nothing should prevent her having a thoroughly restful and enjoyable time. But if ever a mother was missed, and if ever a mother was welcomed home again, most assuredly ours was, and we must have wearied even her patience many a time by our persistent questioning about Toronto and its wonderful sights. That was over fifty years ago, but even then the name suggested and represented the best that our fair province could produce. To us children the churches were all cathedrals, the better residences palaces fit for kings to live in, and the people who lived in them must, of course, be a superior order of beings, who were greatly to be envied.

Then once more came District Meeting, followed by Conference, and, by the fiat of the Stationing Committee, father was appointed to the work of the Mud Lake Mission, a few miles north of Peterborough.

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Packing up came next, as a matter of course, and again we were on the tramp. The journey was a weary one, but we were so occupied with thoughts of the delights in store, that passing discomforts had no power to annoy us. In view of our education father had arranged for us to live in Peterborough, although by so doing his toils would be greatly increased. We had not dreamed of such grandeur as this, and I have no doubt father and mother had their own amusement over the wild impossibilities of our conjectures as to what it would all be like. Dear little simpletons we were, but we took a world of delight out of our fancies, and the good parents enjoyed them too because they were the sweet growth of our innocent ignorance already reaching out into the world's big spaces beyond our ken. We learned much during that journey of places and people, birds, trees, and wayside blossoms, and if father and mother were not wiser at its close than when we started, it certainly was not our fault, since we gave them every opportunity for a rapid mental development that pungently suggestive questions could afford. I venture to say that father's wit and ingenuity and trained skill in the debater's art of "thrust and parry" were never put to severer tests than while, one at a time or all at once, we children appealed to him for information or as umpire in our disputes. We saw men treating horses and oxen cruelly, and we wanted to know why humans, if they were made like God, should behave so unlike Him; and if the wild things in the woods, and even the pretty birds, quarreled among themselves, as we saw them doing, "for 'tis their nature to," why

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God hadn't made them so they wouldn't want to; and why if God loved us and wanted us to love Him, He let the blazing hot sun blister our noses and make mother's head ache; or why the weeds, which were no good to anybody, could grow faster than the wheat, and corn, and potatoes? How to make truth plain to us and yet palatable, was the task the dear father set himself, and right faithfully he performed it; but I have often and often wondered since, if the statements made to us, based on the teachings of the Good Book as interpreted by the wise and true of the churches, were wholly satisfactory to his own mind.

The twisted, gnarled trunks and branches of giant trees we saw from the road, spoiled in their straight, strong beauty by the winds before they were old enough to stand firmly, bothered us a good deal. We had heard one of the local preachers say that the winds were "the breath of God," and it seemed altogether strange that He should first make these beautiful forest giants and then hurt them with His own breath. The vindication of the Creator's plan of action without condemnation of the local brother's poetic simile was, to us, a veritable "darkening of counsel by a multitude of words"; but it ensured quiet for a time. During the first afternoon's drive we passed two roadside houses, some miles apart, in front of which several idiot children were rolling in the dust and jabbering unintelligibly at each other. They were dreadful objects, some of them sadly deformed, and mother shuddered as she clasped our baby brother tighter in her arms, seeming to include us all as her loving glance passed from one to another.

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Our silence was broken. What were these poor creatures, who looked so like and yet so unlike ourselves? Had God made them? If He had why didn't He make them like other children? Had they souls, and if they had, why were they so ugly? And why didn't God make them over again? I think it was Mary suggested that "Maybe, when God wanted to send the little babies they used to be down to this world, the naughty people in these homes didn't want them, and when they came they didn't take nice, good care of them." Mother's dear smile came back again when Dick said, "You must a' wanted us, ma, you take such good care of us," and she answered, "Yes, little man, I wanted every one of you." Our own theories satisfied us, for the time being at least; but father urged our good horse to go faster, after a quick side-look at mother's pale face, and then he said, "I don't believe I've told you a story this whole afternoon. Have I now? Well, suppose we let Prince walk along here where it's shady while I tell you a story that was told me a few days ago about a man who lives over here in the township of Ops, not so many miles from this very bit of woods. This man is an old soldier, a real, live soldier, mind you, and his name is Sergeant Blalock. He was all through the Peninsular War, and Matt must find out where that was, and tell the rest of you all about it. Do you remember the verses about the burial of Sir John Moore? Well, Sergeant Blalock was one of the soldiers who, 'at dead of night,' for fear of the enemy, carried the body of their brave general, 'slowly and sadly' to the grave they had dug for him with their bayonets on

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or near the great battlefield where he and his men had fought so bravely. The good sergeant can't talk about it even now without feeling a great lump in his throat. Then he fought under Wellington at the battle of Waterloo, and they say that his descriptions of the great and awful scenes of that day would almost make you think you'd been there yourself. One day when the sergeant was describing the battle a lady who was listening said, 'Oh, how dreadful to kill each other like that!' 'Why, ma'am,' said the sergeant, 'that's what we were there for, what was there so dreadful about it?' 'Oh!' she answered, 'because they all went straight to perdition.' 'Perdition!' said the old soldier; 'excuse me, ma'am, what sort of a God do you worship? Every man of us was just doing his duty, and the good God who made us, and put it into our hearts to be brave and true to our king and country, wouldn't send us to the bad place for fighting hard that day. More'n that, ma'am, there isn't a hell big enough to hold all the men that were killed at Waterloo; an', anyway, there's no hell in God's universe for men who die at their duty.' The old sergeant's idea of God," said father, "is rather like that of the ancients, who believed Him to be much more, but very like a mighty man of war." So ended father's story to make both mother and us forget the idiots.

CHAPTER IX.

PETERBOROUGH METHODISTS IN 1854.

WE reached the thriving little town of Peterborough in due time, very weary, but alert and interested in everything in and about our new home. Perhaps just here I had better ask forgiveness of the present residents of that enterprising young city for calling the place a town, and a little one at that; but if they take into consideration that fifty-six years have passed since then, and that my sister and I are proud to put ourselves on the list of Peterborough Very-Old Girls, they will feel assured that I am not slighting either place or people.

We children had never before seen anything bigger than a village, therefore this collection of houses, churches and places of business looked very grand and imposing. We had never even seen a brick house, and now just to think we were going to live in one wonderfully increased our sense of importance.

But the bubble of inflated feeling was soon to be pricked by various experiences calculated to bring us from among the clouds of our own fancies to the dead level of things in everyday life, if there could be any dead level to even the most humdrum routine, every bit of which was invested with meaning and adorned with some beautiful bud of promise that, at any moment, might burst into flower. Several days were

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spent in getting settled; and I remember that we were particularly interested in the pretty new carpet that was put down on the parlor floor, for father had said, while we were testing its thickness and softness, "Won't this be just the place for a good romp at bedtime, youngsters?" We had a frolic then and there, in anticipation. Saturday came and, as he wasn't sure of his bearings on this new field of labor, father started off in the afternoon to try and arrange before nightfall how to reach the Mud Lake Indian Mission in time for service next morning. I do not know if Rev. Mr. Roberts was at that time the resident Baptist missionary among the Indians, or if he came later on. In any case he was there for many years, a faithful, earnest-hearted worker for the uplift of the dear red people who, in their easy-going way, tried to farm their lands and live like the white man.

Father didn't have what the preachers call "a good time" that Sunday; one reason was that his style of preaching was badly suited to the process of interpretation from English into Ojibwáy, and he had no sort of surety that the glib-tongued interpreter, who rattled off the soft, liquid sounds as if he were counting beads, was conveying to the minds of his stolid-looking hearers any of the beautiful Gospel truths woven into his sermons as reasons why they should love and serve the Great Spirit whose love was over all. Another reason why he could not feel quite happy was that he had not been able to secure a pew for mother and us children in the old church, then on the west side of George Street, and his peace of mind was disturbed by fears that mother might be

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placed in an unpleasantly awkward position. Sure enough she was! We were just in time to march up the south aisle, mother and four of her flock, from the big front door to the communion rail, without any indication that we would be welcome in anybody's pew, when the minister, Rev. W. H. Poole, rose to give out the first hymn. Mother stood still an instant, the scarlet flaming up into her pale cheeks, with us little ones clustering close to her, her impulse being to walk straight on through the vestry door, and take us all home again, when a tall, fine-looking, gentlemanly man in the big corner pew stepped quickly to her side and said, "Please come into my pew, madam." She went at once and we followed, every mite of us sore at heart, that we, who had always received so much attention because we were "the minister's children," should be treated as if we weren't anybody and didn't belong anywhere. These feelings were altogether impersonal, and when after service was over, and mother with quiet dignity introduced herself to the gentleman of the square pew, we were all made happy by his kind invitation to occupy the spare seats in his "big corner" until we could be made more comfortable. Mr. Poole introduced mother to several members of the church, and many apologies were made that no seats had been provided for us. "We must get you out of that corner as soon as we can," said one and another, but mother replied, "As Mr. E. has been kind enough to ask us to sit in his pew, and there seems to be plenty of room, I think we cannot do better than accept his kindness." She knew of whom and to whom she was speaking as soon

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as people's names were mentioned, as father had posted her thoroughly as to *who* and *what* before she had seen anybody, and right here, she felt sure, one little bit of her mission work must begin. So she held her ground, though looks and words both expressed disapproval. When father came home on Monday he took all the blame upon himself, was sorry for the occurrence, but pleased that mother had stood by her three guides for everyday affairs—faith, hope and charity—declaring, that whatever faults a man might have, if you could do business with him during the week you could sit beside him in God's house on Sunday without straining the fibre of the finest conscience. And so we found our church-home in that corner pew, and thought the owner thereof handsome enough and kind enough to be anything and everything that was great and good. Father took an early opportunity of thanking Mr. E. for his courtesy, and thus won for himself a *right of way* in dealing with the graver questions of morality and religion in ordinary life.

The three eldest of us were sent to school without delay, and here, in very short order too, we learned another lesson out of the book of social equations, for, although considered specially bright in the country school, we were not so far advanced as these boys and girls of our own age. This was a capital goad, and in father's hands was used with great vigor to urge us all to close and steady application, and in a short time we found ourselves able to stand on our old footing. It answered an equally good purpose along other lines. Mr. Poole's Bible Class was one of the chief

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weekday attractions of the church, and as Bible history and chronology, on which we had been brought up, so to speak, were in constant requisition to prove the solid foundations of the minister's theories, we felt quite at home and deeply interested in all the discussions. Father and mother soon became as interested as we were, and our reports of the arguments used and the ingenuity displayed in trying to prove that the people of the British Isles are the descendants of *the ten lost tribes of Israel*, gave us great opportunities for mental gymnastics at home. We'd set up, like so many nine-pins, all the statements we had heard in favor of the theory, and then father would bowl them over with questions we could not answer, or with arguments so logical that we soon began to entertain doubts of the absolute infallibility of our teacher's knowledge and opinions. Mary and I were such mites of ten and nine years, respectively, that the wonder was how we came to be in the class at all, and of course we had never a word to say, but when we heard the Misses Ford and Miss Martha Benson, with others, asking and answering questions, we wished, with all our might, that we could grow up fast so that we could take part in the discussions just as they did. Father laughed at us and said, "The day will come, my dears, when you'll want to take a scamper in the other direction, or I'm much mistaken."

Mr. Thos. White was our Sunday school superintendent, and we loved him dearly; and when in later years he became the Hon. Thos. White we all felt as interested as if one of our own family had risen to

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honor and importance. He was succeeded as Sunday school superintendent by Mr. Robinson Rutherford, an Englishman by birth, whose educational advantages had been meagre, but whose force of character and magnetic personality, together with very remarkable powers as an orator, made him a striking figure in Methodist circles for many years. One of his daughters, Mrs. James Kendry, well known in the work of the W. M. M. S., still resides in Peterborough.

Here also as a prominent church official was Mr. Walter Sheridan, one of father's old-time friends in the days when Peterborough was but a sort of hamlet, with one small store, all its goods capable, father said, of being packed in a bundle on one man's back; and when the preaching services were held in the big kitchen of Henthorn's tavern, which stood on the northeast corner of George and Hunter Streets. There, too, were Mr. William Cluxton and Mr. James Stevenson, also Mr. Thomas McBurney, all good men and true, who labored with faithful intelligence, not only for the upbuilding and extension of the church of their choice, but for educational interests and municipal improvements of all sorts.

Soon mother renewed her acquaintance with Mr. D. Hopkins, whose father owned a neighboring farm in Cavan before she was married. There was a strong family bond between them, inasmuch as mother's second brother had married Mr. Hopkins' sister, and while we were all children this made a cousinly tie all round for the juveniles. Father found many old friends, some in the town, whose names I cannot recall, only Messrs. Winch, Sharpe, Fletcher and

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Stutt, who seem to recall themselves; and others, as the Elliotts, Bells and Milburns, who were prosperous farmers in the township of Smith.

There were two other families with whom we were very intimately associated in many ways, with whom friendships were formed that have proved steadfast through all the years. One of these was the Fords, the other the Flavelles. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ford were English people with an old country nurturing in Methodism, which lost none of its vigor in the land of their adoption. The eldest daughter, known in later years as Mrs. Arthur Rutherford, was active in both church and W.C.T.U. work. Two of the sons, William and James, entered the Methodist ministry, and have been for many years connected with the London Conference. They may not have made a brilliant record here, but I'll warrant that up yonder, where soul-worth counts, these two will stand in the front ranks of faithful toilers. Dr. S. P. Ford, an older brother, began his medical practice in Norwood over forty years ago, and has been identified with church, Sunday school and temperance work ever since.

One day towards the close of the summer holidays, mother received a call from a lady whom she had frequently met at class-meeting and prayer-meeting, and for whom she had conceived a very strong respect and warm liking. This lady was always dressed as plainly as herself, and as further acquaintance proved for the self-same reasons—*from principle and through necessity*; but whether the expression of deep-rooted principle would have been made more attractive in

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either case had the stricture of rigid economical necessity been removed, is not for me to decide; but I fancy that one of the products of millinery skill in these days would have been looked upon by both as nothing short of a Satanic abomination. This lady of Quaker-like attire was Mrs. John Flavelle, who, with her sister, Miss Lydia Dundas, kept a select private school, and the object of her present call was to ask mother if she would do her the favor to place her two little girls in her care as pupils, wholly free of charge. The heavenly way she put the request was, that she was unable to give as much to the Lord's cause as she would like, and that she was therefore obliged to do her share of helping in other ways; if mother would agree to her proposal it would give her the happiness of feeling that she was lifting a part of another woman's burden, and at the same time sharing the Master's work of blessing the children. When we were all gathered around the tea-table that evening, mother told us all about it, and how glad and thankful she was. Father said, "I must see that blessed woman and thank her myself. She is surely another 'elect lady,' whom I may 'love in, the truth' without fear of making the dear mother jealous," adding in a much graver tone, "You children little dream how our anxiety about your well-being and our hopes for your future haunt us day and night." That was a settler, and it kept us pretty quiet during the remainder of the meal. To me, who revelled in ghost stories, with a creepy-crawly delight, the idea that father and mother were "haunted" by their thoughts of us made little

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shivery thrills run all over me long after the angel of sleep had tried to have me nestle under her wing. The holidays were soon over, and then Mary and I, with Dick between us, marched off to Mrs. Flavelle's pretty home, where two of the largest rooms were occupied by the pupils, and where we quickly learned that our teacher's displeasure was the one thing in the universe most to be dreaded, and only to be avoided by strict attention to our lessons and total abstinence from the unpardonable sin of whispering. I seemed to live years that first day, and never in life shall I forget the impression stamped upon my heart and mind by Mrs. Flavelle's wonderful personality. She so dominated me, and Mary, too, that what she thought about things was our standard for many and many a year.

Summer and early autumn passed away, and then came the first break in our little home band. Jimmie, the darling of the household, father's "little Benjamin" and mother's tenderest care, took cold while playing in the garden watching for father's home-coming one Monday morning. For several days motherly nursing seemed all that was needed, but when he grew worse instead of better, father went for Dr. Lavell, who looked grave when he examined his wee patient, but encouraged mother to hope for the best. The good doctor was kindness itself, and everything possible was done; remedy after remedy was tried, some giving temporary relief, but nothing more, and in the end they all failed, for after a three weeks' terrible struggle, his fighting power was gone, and he slipped away. Mother's grief was a sad enough

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thing to see, but it was mild in comparison with father's. This child, his youngest, was the son of his old age, the very "apple of his eye," and for many years we did not dare mention his dear name in father's hearing. Not so mother; she loved to recount his sayings and doings, and would encourage us to do the same, thus keeping the memory of his sweet babyhood fresh in our minds.

For a time it seemed as if our little sister would soon follow him, so sadly did she pine for her wee playfellow. By tender care and the doctor's utmost skill, she was spared to us, but she never fully recovered, and for fifty years knew not a day of perfect health. In some mysterious way she had taught herself to read, and each Monday when father got back from his Indian work, she would nestle in his arms and show her progress by reading to him out of the New Testament. She was then not quite five years old, and her frail health, coupled with keen wit and a remarkably sweet disposition, made her the central figure of attraction in our home.

The winter that followed was a very dreary one to us all. Mother's health was far from strong, Lizzie continued very delicate, and father's work among the Indians took him away a good deal. Then, too, our grief over Jimmie's death had not had time to mellow. We had not learned to dissociate the soul of him from the dear little body in its cold, dark resting-place out yonder in the cemetery, and so, when the snows fell and the fierce, wintry winds howled outside, we would gather close together around the fire and sob out our wordless sorrow. But there came a night when the

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storm-king's fury seemed to reach its height, and we fairly cowered on the hearthrug as we thought of the little, lonely grave on the hillside. Presently father laid his hand very tenderly on mother's arm and said, "My dear child, this will never do; we are still here, and life is God's gift, and we have five left." His voice was hoarse with feeling, but it gained power as he went on, and then he said to Mary, "Little woman, bring us the Book, we'll read a bit, and have prayer." That psalm—103rd—as father read it, and that prayer! Shall we ever forget how we seemed to be gently drawn away from our sorrow, and our thoughts fixed on the wonderful goodness of our Father in Heaven, His watchful care, His mighty love, His tender sympathy in all our distresses, and His purpose, woven in with every strand of both warp and woof of our earthly existence, that we should grow up into Him in all things! And then, as father commended us all to God's keeping for the night, and asked that our love for Him and for each other might soothe and comfort our sore hearts and unite us all in closer bonds of affection, we felt that somehow the terrible strain was broken, that the heavy cloud of our grief would never again look so black, and that we could never love father and mother enough.

The winter wore away with little to mark its passing beyond occasional visits from old friends and frequent calls from friendly Indians. Among these, memory singles out Revs. John Sunday, William Herkimer and Allan Salt, who were always heartily welcomed and made to feel that we looked upon them

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as honored guests. It would have been a sorry day for us children had we shown any disposition to look down upon them because of their brown faces, their poor clothes, or their broken English. On the contrary, however, these dear, good men, clever men, too, had a great charm for us, and we were never better pleased than when we could persuade one of them to tell us stories of Indian life, especially in the far-away days before the white man came. Sometimes two or three of the women would come and bring their wee brown babies for mother to see. This pleased her as well as us, and they always were made happy by a cookie and a cup of tea. As they are a most grateful people, it often happened that some pretty bit of beadwork, a tiny basket, or a table-mat of sweet grass, was shyly presented to mother when they were leaving.

The spring of this year was made memorable to us by an event which, for a time, brought a sorrow worse than death to mother's heart. One day when we came home from school we found her crying bitterly, and father trying to comfort her. The sun of our childish gaiety set at once behind this cloud of unknown trouble, and we sat down here and there, in dejected silence, waiting for the cloud to burst. Lizzie, who had been sitting on father's knee, came to Mary and whispered, "It's Uncle John!" Feeling sure that nothing but his death could cause mother such distress, Matt went and put his arm round her, leaning his cheek against her wavy brown hair, as he said, very softly, "Tell us what it is, ma. Is Uncle John dead?" "No, my son," said mother, "he's not

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dead. I think I could bear it better if he were; he has gone over to the Roman Catholic Church." The bitter tears continued to flow, and her dear face was so full of suffering that our hearts were filled with hot resentment against our good, kind uncle, who could give her such grief and pain. Father saw this, and hastened to say, "Children, this is a great sorrow to me, as well as to your mother, for this brother of hers has been a true brother to me, but I want you all to remember that he had a perfect right to think things out for himself, and to change his views about religion, as well as anything else. I expect you'll find that he has been a Catholic for many years, and that he has come to feel it is time for him to be one openly. We are bound to respect his convictions, in any case. Of one thing I'm so sure that nothing can make me surer, and that is that mother will find him unchanged in character and in his love for her, and that he will be the same good, kind uncle to you he has always been. Another thing, we must all be so nice to this mother of ours that she'll dry up her tears and, instead of rainbows, give us clear sunshine again."

This happy way of putting things made a big rift in the cloud, through which we saw a broad patch of blue, and mother's tender smile. That father, Orangeman as he was, could look at the matter so dispassionately, and give her good reason to feel that the brother she so loved and honored was not lost to her, was inexpressibly comforting. But, though we proved the truth of father's words, and never found that uncle's change of religious views made the slightest difference in his love for mother or his kind-

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ness to us children, we could not fail to see that the wound in mother's heart remained unhealed, and that she avoided the subject in every possible way.

Conference time drew near, and with it came the necessity of facing home burdens and difficulties which pressed heavily. Father was painfully conscious that he was not adapted for the Indian work, yet if the Stationing Committee should decide to leave him there, what could he say or do? He was thoroughly acquainted with the whole district, and knew where all the probable changes would be, but he saw no opening for himself. The education of his children lay very near his heart, and we were all doing so well in Peterborough that he dreaded a move, lest our opportunities should be spoiled. Mother shared all these cares and anxieties, and, in addition, the prospect of another upheaval of her household belongings. These movings were beginning to be the horror of *her* itinerancy, but on this point she kept heroic silence; and indeed on all points she left father perfectly free to do whatever he might feel to be the right thing when the time for decision should come. He was always sure of this, and equally sure that, through all the fortunes of war, in every fight throughout the whole campaign of life, she would never lower her colors nor cease to make the best of every situation.

I forget where Conference was held that year, but when father got back we little human barometers were not long in showing special indications of the change of temperature. Father was no coward, and mother was a very brave woman, but to them both the

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immediate prospects were appalling. I cannot now say whether he had given voice to his sense of unfitness for the Indian work, or if there had come a sort of deadlock in the arrangements for suitably placing the hundreds of ministers to be provided for, and father's simple loyalty made it an easier task to dispose of him than some of the others; suffice it to say that he was appointed to the Madoc Mission. This meant five or six months' separation from us all, because of the distance, which could be traversed only when good sleighing made the roads fairly passable. I think that for once mother's heart failed her, but she needed no one to tell her that father's part would be harder than hers, and so she called a truce to her own misgivings, and mentally dared the certainties to do their worst, while she helped father in making plans for the safety and comfort of all. The one tiny streak of sunlight in all their darkened sky was the fact that our schooling would not be interrupted. Of course I do not now refer to the radiant light of that inner life, which could never be dimmed by the clouds of any earthly circumstance. This was only one of the afflictions, "which are but for a moment," but which seem to be needed in the working out of our preparation for eternal blessedness.

When father left us it seemed as if life had come to a standstill, but we soon rallied and began planning how we would surprise him with letters showing our weekly progress at school. We were a jolly lot, and so, with her work and our pranks, even mother found that time did not hang heavy on her hands. How we watched for letters with the Madoc postmark, but as

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our dear old dad was the furthest possible remove from a voluminous correspondent, we gained nothing satisfactory from his letters as to either place or people, except two facts: there was a good school, and he had a comfortable boarding-place with some very kind people. Just one sentence, however, shot like a ball from the red-hot throat of a cannon, told a whole volume of his thoughts and feelings. It was at the close of one of his letters; indeed, if I remember right, it was added as a postscript: "If I am happy enough to ever get you all with me again, it will take more than *one* Stationing Committee to make another such break in my life as this has been." That was when the first snow had come; and as mother wiped away her tears and folded up her precious letter, watching the whirling snowflakes as they fell, we saw the light of a new hope in her eyes, and knew that these white-winged messengers from the sky had whispered to her that this probation of loneliness would soon be over. But the snowflakes were too ready with their promises, for week after week went by, and Christmas came and went before there was snow enough to make good sleighing on any but good roads, and those that lay between Peterborough and Madoc were exceptionally rough. This fact made necessary another week's delay, and then, on New Year's evening, when our hearts were sore with waiting, and we were just ready to have prayers before going to bed, in came father, with two of his Madoc members and their teams, to carry us and our belongings away to our new home. We got tremendously excited, but presently father said, "Now, children, there'll be a lot for you to do

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to-morrow, for there's a thaw coming and we must be ready to start by one o'clock, so be off to bed and get a good night's sleep." We went, of course, but very unwillingly; it seemed so lovely to have father with us again. However, we were philosophers in our way, and tumbled off to bed with mutual reminders that the sooner we went to sleep the quicker to-morrow would come. Imagine, then, if you can, the state we got into next morning when we found that father and mother had been up all night long, packing clothes, and arranging books, pictures, dishes, carpets, and all the lighter furniture for the two big sleighs, while the strangers slept soundly and sweetly in the quiet of the spare bedroom. Mother was a born organizer, and as one of the men who had come to help had any amount of strength and energy, under the wise control of a very level head, the work of packing and loading up was accomplished in the given time, with dinner thrown in, and a very few minutes later we were all saying our last good-byes to our Peterborough home and friends.

CHAPTER X.

MORE EXPERIENCES, FOLLOWED BY FATHER'S SUPERANNUATION.

I WISH I could remember every incident of that long and trying journey to the village of Madoc, for it was long, and the roads were rough; and it was trying, for, because of the roads and the heavily loaded sleighs, we had to go slowly. The two boys had been safely and comfortably bestowed among the goods under the watchful care of the fatherly drivers, but all three of us girls were packed into the cutter with father and mother; and so, for many a weary mile, father trudged along beside us, as much to relieve the cramps in his legs as to ease the burden for the horse. As I look back now and think of those two long journeys for him, with a sleepless night and heavy work between, I marvel that a man of his age, for he was then past sixty-seven, could endure so much and be as jolly as a sand-boy all the while. Mother would gladly have walked a bit, too, just for a change of position, but the frail little form nestling in her arms could be trusted nowhere else, and so, as was her wont, she bore the sum total of her physical discomfort in silence, her poor white face alone revealing when the boundary line between that and the realm of suffering had been crossed. Father sang hymns to us, one of the men joining in right lustily,

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and even the weary horses seemed to get an uplift as the cheery sounds rang out on the frosty air, and stepped out more briskly. It was not possible for them, with the loads they had, to go faster than a walk; but there are walkers *and* walkers among horses as well as humans, and so father told us to watch them and see which one liked the singing best, and then we'd know which one loved his master most, and which one's soul was finding a way to show itself so that we humans could understand it. We asked questions, and father whiled away the time by telling us stories about some of the horses he had owned, which were so brave, and faithful, and loving, that he was sure Mr. Wesley must be right in believing that there would be a heaven for them by-and-by. "Faith, then," said he, "if I may choose who'll be my next-door neighbors up yonder, I'll take some of my nice horses rather than a good many humans I've known, mighty pious people, too. Just be still a bit longer and I'll tell you about one, a pretty sorrel mare I had, away up west near Sarnia. She was a beauty, and I called her Fanny. Well, one day when I was riding along on Fanny's back and we were coming rather carefully down a steep, rough hill, she began to tremble under me, and to roll her eyes round at me as much as to say, 'Ain't you afraid, too?' I looked all about, but could see nothing, and I listened, but could hear nothing. Still I felt sure there must be something wrong, something Fanny wanted me to know and would tell me about if she could. Her senses, I knew, were keener than mine, and so, when we reached a level place in the road and she wheeled

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right about and began snorting with fear, I sat still and waited for her next move, or to see what she seemed to be looking for. In less than a minute it showed itself on the top of the little hill, which, though steep, was short; it was a big hoop-snake, which came rolling along, then stretched out its full length before making another hoop by winding its tail around its head. At least that's what it seemed to do. Fanny turned and started off on a gallop, while on came the snake, measuring its length and then rolling again into a hoop. I watched it over my shoulder, while giving Fanny a free rein, wondering what I had better do, for though I had heard about these hoop-snakes, I did not quite know what I might expect in the way of an attack. All at once Fanny stopped, so suddenly, in fact, that I nearly went over her head; but there she stood in the middle of the road, quivering all over, chewing her bit and snorting, this time in a mighty rage. Looking back, I saw the snake right behind us, in a half-circle, head and tail both up, when all at once the little mare gave a squeal that I'll never forget, and, letting fly with both hind feet, smashed the snake's head into atoms. I jumped off and went to have a good look at the long, ugly creature, as it gave a few last squirms, and then I spent full ten minutes petting Fanny, rubbing her soft nose, and calling her every nice name I could think of. And the way she laid her pretty head on my shoulder, and whinnied with delight, would have pleased you as much as it did me. The dear thing did a lot of thinking that day. How I wish she could have told me." We were almost out of

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breath, we had listened so hard, and if Fanny had been between our cutter shafts instead of this steady old bay, not even parental commands, I fancy, would have kept us from jumping out to pat her and tell her what a darling she was.

It was now nightfall, and after a gentle hint from mother that snake stories were not nice things for little folks to go to sleep on, father started us off on "There is a Happy Land," and when we had sung that all through, and had wondered which of the stars now shining so brightly in the deep blue of the winter sky would make the most beautiful heaven, the wide-awake wee sister on mother's knee began "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star." Then we asked questions and made suggestions about these far-off shining lights, that might well have puzzled the most learned astronomer, let alone father, who laughingly told us that he didn't "know a ha'p'orth about them." But in this way the weary miles were passed over till at last we reached the home of our kind friends, the Pearses, where, spite of our numbers, we were made most heartily welcome, were warmed and fed and made much of until, in some mysterious fashion, known only to clever, big-hearted housekeepers, we were all made comfortable for the night, and went off to sleep, thankful that to-morrow's journey was a long, long way ahead.

Next morning, while we stood waiting for the horses to be hitched up, Mary and I, feeling sorry for what the boys had missed, began to tell them about Fanny and the hoop-snake; but we couldn't make them listen, they were so eager to tell us the stories

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they had listened to about hunting bears and wolves, wildcats and deer. When we said that their stories weren't half so nice as ours they got quite excited, and said that Mr. A. and Mr. B. were the best storytellers they had ever heard. This sounded like a reflection on father, and we wouldn't have it so. Of course we weren't whispering our remarks, and father called, "Boys, I hope you're not quarrelling with your sisters?" "Oh, no," said Dick, "we're just trying to make them agree." "Here, then," said father, "up with you, my man, till I make you safe and snug between these two barrels," and then in an aside to Mr. B., said, with a laugh, "Not bad, that, for seven-and-a-half, eh?" "Chip off the old block, I reckon," replied Mr. B., with an answering laugh.

Mr. and Mrs. Pearse came out to see us off, and when father went to say good-bye and thank them over again for their kindness to us, he said, "Sister Pearse, if my friend Peter should ever turn travelling preacher, and march you off, up country or down, with such a cavalcade as this, I hope you'll come our way; and if you do, we'll pay you back in your own coin, and make you so comfortable you'll never want to go farther." With a warm shake-hands, and a sisterly hug for mother, as she tucked the buffalo-robe well around her, Mrs. Pearse replied, "If everyone was as easy to please as you are, Mr. Sanderson, and as grateful for being pleased, we'd be a deal happier in this world. I'd like to come and see you, but I think there's small chance, if it depends on Peter becoming a minister; he's past that now."

At last we were on our way, the whole bright day

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before us, and by all odds, as father said, "the biggest half of the journey." As we jogged slowly along through the township of Marmora, we got more than a glimpse of the rugged side of Nature's face. The rocks rose up sheer and straight to a height that made us dizzy to look at, and on the other side, if I remember right, there was a deep gorge, with a wild tangle of young or stunted hemlocks and pines. It was all so bleak and weird that we felt oppressed until Matt gave a yell, by way of an experiment, starting the echoes in every direction. Then of course we all had to yell ourselves hoarse, until yells and echoes made a confusion, never surpassed, I fancy, except when the tower of Babel was going up. In the stillness that followed Mary said, "Pa, if we'd had rams' horns like the Israelites had at Jericho, d'ye think those big rocks might have fallen down on us?" "I think not, child," said father. "You see, man built the walls of Jericho, but God had the making of these."

I don't remember when or where we had dinner that day, but I think it was at the hotel in the village of Marmora. I only know that my weariness grew harder and harder to bear, until it seemed as if I must really cry. And I would have cried, sure, had I not dreaded what the boys would say if they heard me, or if they found out. At first I was sorry for mother, who looked very pale and tired; then I was sorry for father, who had to walk so much to relieve the horse; by and by I felt grieved for him, and presently I was pitying all the horses; but before we had reached the end of our journey I had got to a

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point of such sick weariness that I could think of nothing and nobody but myself. But by eight o'clock we had reached Madoc, and were made warm and cosy under Mr. Briscoe's hospitable roof, where we children remained until father and mother were able to get things settled in the house that was to do duty as a parsonage. It was a clapboard house, perched on the top of a big rocky mound, where the sun in summer and the winds in winter could scorch it and beat it to their heart's content. And they did. And whoever were the inmates thereof shared the scorching and the beating without the option of bail or fine.

We children were sent to school without delay, the schoolhouse, a fine brick building, being in the hollow just back of our crow's nest. The principal, a fine-looking, scholarly man, was a good teacher, but uncertain in his temper, and we soon came to dread certain signs which indicated foul weather in school. Some said it was nothing but a cranky temper; others said that he was hopelessly in love with the lady teacher, a very lovely girl; others, again, said, and father sorrowfully agreed with these, that too frequent calls at the corner hotel would account for all these outbursts. Later, the pretty lady teacher married Rev. Mr. Jackson, a devoted young Methodist missionary, and went with him to India, where she found an early grave.

In Madoc we found kind, good friends among the intelligent, thrifty people, whose optimism gave color to their hopes of seeing it grow into a thriving town. Perhaps it has; we have never met anyone able to

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tell us, and we have not gone back to see for ourselves. It seemed funny that there should be two Methodist bodies in such a small place; but so it was. Rev. Mr. Howard, father of our own Rev. E. E. Howard, was the pastor of the New Connexion flock, while father had charge of the Wesleyans. I have never yet found out where the distinction lay; but in Madoc the dividing line was as strongly marked as if their respective beliefs could be found only at the antipodes of Christian theology. Father and Mr. Howard were good friends, however, and so were the juveniles of the two families. As the services were held alternately, we attended both with commendable impartiality, partly because we didn't know any difference, but mostly because it was a much appreciated privilege to have a service to attend. Not, I am sorry to say, that we had learned to value the means of grace as such, but that we appreciated to an uncommon degree the injunction not to forget the assembling of ourselves together, since therein lay our sole opportunities for seeing and being seen, when Sunday clothes could be worn without having to give a reason for so doing. These remarks must not be understood as applying to all and sundry, but merely to the junior members of the Howard and Sanderson families, and others of equally undeveloped spirituality.

Winter passed into spring, and spring merged into summer, and with summer came Conference. Father did not go that year, but the Stationing Committee by request, or otherwise, sent our older brother, William, to be the junior preacher and general

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assistant in all the work of the mission. This was a very pleasant arrangement all round, and for a few weeks it looked as if we were to have a season of more than usual home enjoyment. But right in the midst of all we were doing, and our planning for more ahead, father was taken very ill quite suddenly with an attack of erysipelas, to which he was somewhat subject. I do not remember the immediate cause, but he quickly developed serious symptoms, and Dr. Chisholm was sent for. When he and mother came out of father's room and stood talking in low tones, we knew by their grave looks that this was more than an ordinary illness, and soon our fears were fully confirmed. The doctor said, "He is an old man, and the fever has made rapid progress, but he has an unusually strong constitution, so we must do all we can, and hope for the best." The words were encouraging, but the tone was not; and as mother came back to us we saw her brush away the tears and straighten herself as one does for some great effort. That wasn't the only time she had to rally all her forces, and, by sheer strength of will, put her fears and feelings out of sight for the sake of the strong man stricken helpless, and her children in almost equal need of her watchful care. For many weeks the fever raged, and then when the disease had spent its fury, it was followed by weakness so depressing that it was harder to bear than pain. But Mother Nature was busy among her internal resources, and there came a day when the doctor said the danger was past, and that nourishment carefully given, and continued good nursing, would put his patient out of

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his care in short order. Our home-sun shone again, and once more jokes, merry stories, and laughter, gay as our hearts, proclaimed our joy that father's life had been given back to us. We were not yet "out of the woods," however, for a relapse came; an attack of hiccoughs, induced no one knew how, brought him again to death's door. For forty-eight hours those terrible sounds told how the poor, weak frame was racked. Mother lost heart. Spent with daily alternations of hope and fear, added to her work as housekeeper and nurse, it seemed as if her cup of trial had been filled to overflowing. But just when good Doctor Chisholm had said, "Keep on giving him this medicine, Mrs. Sanderson; it's his only chance; I can do no more," a change came. Gradually the distressing spasms became less violent, and before midnight, when we had been warned to prepare for the worst, they ceased altogether, and he fell asleep. Our jubilant spirits broke forth again, tempered somewhat by experience, and by the fact that the dregs of erysipelas still in father's system had broken out into a running sore on his leg, half-way between the body and the knee. This, in a way, was a good thing, as it made an outlet for the poison still lurking in out-of-the-way corners; but it kept him very weak, so that, from first to last of his illness, he was almost four months in bed.

Long before this we knew, even the youngest of us, that mother was in sore trouble of some sort beyond that of father's illness; but none of us understood the cause, though we wondered much, and even asked questions. But now that the Doctor had

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ordered all sorts of nourishing delicacies for our convalescent, and our own food became increasingly plain and even limited in quantity, our wondering took concrete form, and at last mother thought well to take her eldest three into confidence. Madoc was a mission, but the people were able as well as willing to do something; so the Conference arrangement was, that the minister should receive a certain allowance out of the Missionary Fund, and that the members at the various appointments should make up the balance of his salary by quarterly contributions "in kind," that is in meat, fresh or cured; vegetables, especially potatoes; butter and eggs, and feed for the horse. Everything had worked well along these lines until father's illness made it necessary for the Chairman of the District to appeal to the President of the Conference for a temporary supply. This was a difficult matter, as none but an ordained man could fill the bill. In due course a suitable brother was secured, a man with a family, who took up father's work and thus relieved his mind of a very heavy burden. William, aided by the local preachers and class-leaders, had done wonders, but his experience was limited, and he was not yet ordained, which made it necessary to call in Mr. Howard's services when a wedding or a christening could not be postponed. Father and mother supposed that Conference arrangements concerning his salary would stand, and that the brother who supplied would be provided for out of the Contingent Fund. Evidently he did not so understand things, and in some way the people all over the mission came to look at the matter from his

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point of view, which was father's, only reversed as to the interested recipients. It was a good while before all this came to light by way of explanation; but in the meantime food supplies ceased, and but a single dollar remained in mother's purse. One of the class-leaders, who understood the situation and proved a tower of strength in these dark days of heavy burdens, said to mother, "Mrs. Sanderson, you are a perfect wonder. How do you keep on?" None of us who heard this question and her reply will ever forget her words, and the shining of her great gray eyes as she said, "I cannot let go; I must keep my hold on God."

"Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone,
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, *it shall be done.*"

When she thanked the good man for his helpful sympathy, he said, "Don't say a word, sister, you've done more for me this day by showing me the staying power of your religion than I ever have, or ever can do for you." But with all mother's faith, she was practical, and that very night she wrote to Uncle John Knowlson, asking for help, leaving father's long illness to account for the present trying situation. It is needless to say that, just as quickly as letters could be exchanged, abundant relief came, with the kindest of kind reproaches for not having let him know sooner.

Some days before Uncle John's letter came, an old friend from the Williamsburg circuit called to see

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us, a Mr. Crozier, who was on his way to the Madawaska region on behalf of a few enterprising neighbors, himself included, who had thoughts of taking up land there, should conditions warrant their doing so after a thorough investigation had been made. He gave us all the Cartwright news, and many kind messages from the friends there, had tea with us, and stayed chatting until mother was able to sit down. He then said, "Mrs. Sanderson, may I have five minutes' talk with you alone?" There was no fire in the parlor, nor any wood to build one, so they went out to the kitchen, leaving us children to study our lessons, and William to make notes for his sermon around the dining-room table. When mother came back her face showed that her feelings had been deeply stirred, and then she told us that our jolly friend, while making us all laugh with his droll stories, had been taking mental notes, and being a particularly shrewd, wide-awake man, had felt convinced that something was radically wrong, and mother hadn't to say much by way of explanation before he sized up the whole affair. He whistled a bit and then said, "Forgive me, Mrs. Sanderson, do, please; but I had to whistle or swear. I'm not much when you come to religious matters, but I know good people when I meet them, and I call this a damned shame. There, it's out. I couldn't help it. I've not much more than will get me through this trip, but I'm blest if I could eat or sleep if I didn't give you this," and he pushed a little wad into her hand, which proved to be a five-dollar bill. When mother went to thank him, he said, "No, no; not a

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word of that; I'd like to kick any fellow round a ten-acre field who wouldn't want to do all he could to help you out of such a fix as you're in here. Let me go before I swear some more. Good-bye, and God bless you. If I don't call on my way back, you'll hear from me before long." I'm not quite sure if he came our way as he went home, but this I know, that within three weeks' time there came a good fat letter for father from his loving Cartwright friends, enclosing seventy dollars. This Heaven-sent help, along with our good uncle's kind gift, paid up our bills and kept us going very comfortably until a remittance was received from the Missionary Fund. Father was too ill while Mr. Crozier was there to more than shake hands with him, but by the time the letter came he was able to sit in the bed, propped up with pillows, and so our rejoicing was without a cloud.

During this stage of his convalescence a rather droll incident occurred, which afforded us all a good deal of amusement. One day a queer-looking span of horses came up the drive, bringing into view an equally queer-looking sleigh, out of which tumbled some six or seven of the oddest-looking people we had ever seen. The horses were most miserably thin and deplorably dirty; the harness was a strange conglomeration of straps and rope; the sleigh-box was made up of rough, weather-beaten boards, held in place on the bobs by wooden spikes, with other boards, considerably longer than was necessary, laid across for seats. Patched cotton bedquilts served as buffalo-robos, while there was abundance of straw on the

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bottom to keep their feet warm. As for the people themselves, their appearance baffled description. No such devices in millinery, or in cloak and dress-making, had we ever seen before, and we waited with ill-concealed eagerness for some hint of the purpose that brought them. When they were all seated round the kitchen stove, that being the warmest place in the house just then, someone said—most likely William—"What can we do for you?" The oldest woman of the party pointed to a sheepish-looking young fellow and a still younger girl, who were sitting on the other side of the stove, and said, "Them two wants to get married." There was a general titter at this, and then the young fellow asked, "Be's the minister in? I'd like t'spake till 'im." When told that the minister had been very ill, and was not yet able to be out of bed, he reiterated his request, adding "He'll see me ef y' tell 'im." Mother went in and told father about them, and he said, "Better let him come in; there's no knowing what he has on his mind." So in he went, accompanied by the would-be bride and the old woman, who seemed to be a sort of self-appointed guardian angel to the whole party. The license was produced, and was found all right, and there seemed, on the surface of things, anyway, no reason why they should not be married. "I must rest a bit," said father, "and then I'll see if I can do the job for you." So back to the kitchen they went, while mother began an earnest protest. "My dear, you certainly ought not to exert yourself in this way," "Well," said father, "if I don't exert myself,

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the devil will, or I'm greatly mistaken, though, by the look of them, he won't need to work hard."

He was propped up with pillows, and then mother gave him a cup of warm broth before the bridal party came, in a body, and took possession of his room. To our vexation there wasn't space for even the smallest of us to creep in. The ceremony was made as brief as due solemnity would permit, and when it was over the groom said, "I haven't any cash fur y' parson, but as soon 's the sleighin' 's a bit better, I'll bring y' a load o' wood, ef y' think that'll be square." Father said that the wood was just what he wanted, and sent them away with his blessing. To our pleased disappointment, the fellow kept his promise, and brought the load of wood, which was worth more than father's usual small fee would have been.

There was another family of Wesleyans, whose back yard ran down to one end of our front fence, whom I have not yet mentioned, for the simple reason that, although there was a warm neighborly feeling on both sides, and a good deal of intimacy, I have tried mightily but vainly to recall their name; and yet memory holds them so securely that if I could draw or paint, I could picture them with perfect accuracy of detail as to manners and dress as well as features. I wish some expert in psychology would tell me why that name, with several others, won't come back to me, although it keeps flitting in and out of my mind with ghostly illusiveness, taunting me with my inability to catch it, like the fainter echoes of attractive sounds far off among the hills. The man was a Methodist of the Methodists, even to the

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cut of his Sunday coat, which his wife declared he had not changed for thirty years, a big, gentle-faced, slow sort of man, who never had much to say, but when he did talk, gave clear evidence that he did a deal of thinking while at his bench making and mending shoes. Father said he was well worth talking to, as he had read a great deal and had chewed the cud of his gleanings with such reflective sagacity that the masticated product was nourishing for both mind and spirit. His wife was another type, slender and delicate in appearance, with marked refinement of features as well as manner, but with a certain nervous irritability of temper and a volubility of speech that emphasized the thought, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." She was an ordinarily good mother till it came to the youngest, a beautiful baby, only a few months old. This frail wee thing brought into play the brightest and sweetest faculties of her being, since her love for it stirred her nature's deepest depths. After a call there, father would say, "That dear woman has forgotten how to be cranky, and her face, as she holds her baby close, would move any man's heart. I hope the child will be spared to her." The good lady believed in dreams with all her mind and soul and strength, and her husband's daily theological cogitations had been interrupted, times without number, to hear and then help her decide just how much of concrete importance should be, or might be, attached to the latest revelation of the angel of sleep. And many a time mother's patience was sorely tried, when her household duties called for prompt attention, and courtesy demanded a manifestation of

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interest in the rehearsal of her neighbor's last night's dream. But one day she came quite early, before the breakfast dishes had been cleared away, for we had only just got through with prayers, and begging father to listen, too, she began telling mother a dream, which she said had come to her about the same time every night for three nights in succession, so she felt certain that it had been sent to her as a message, and that it had a deep and solemn meaning. We were all rather given to making fun for ourselves out of these dream stories, but this time the poor woman's face and voice betrayed such real misery that we were drawn, in spite of our unbelieving tendencies, to give her a sympathetic hearing. In her dream she was living in a large house, surrounded by a beautiful garden, wherein vegetables and fruit and flowers grew in luxurious abundance. There were grand old trees, too, whose wide-spreading branches softened the light and heat of the sun, and gave charming glimpses of the glorious white cloud-banks against the deep blue sky. All around the garden was a high, thick hedge, over which a flowering vine of rare beauty ran riot. She had come out to walk in the garden, and had brought with her, perched on her shoulder, the family pet, a snow-white dove. It preened its pretty feathers and cooed happily as if life held nothing but joy. Her heart was so stirred by the dear thing's glad murmurings that she put up her hand to caress it, when it suddenly gave a little, startled cry, flew into an opening in the hedge, and vanished from her sight. She waited, and called it by name, coaxing it with endearing words, but all in vain ;

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it did not return; and then she awakened in an agony of grief that could not be accounted for by the loss of even so dear a pet as her dove had been. What could it mean? Surely not that her baby was to be taken from her! Oh, surely not that! And she wrung her hands and wept as if the iron had already entered her soul. We were all deeply moved. Mother put her arms around the poor, trembling figure, and kissed the tear-stained face, but uttered not a word. Father brushed away his tears, and said, "Sister, let us have a word of prayer together." And then, on the wings of his own strong faith, he seemed to lift the already stricken mother and to carry her up to the very gates of "the King's garden," and there, among the trees along the banks of the river of life, in the paradise of God, she seemed to catch comforting glimpses of her white dove flitting here and there in a perfect abandon of delight. The central thought of the prayer was, that there are no mistakes in God's dealings with His children; that His love ever runs parallel with His power, and that if *we* love and trust, He will put into our hearts an uplifting joy, which will more than balance every earthly ill. Those who have heard father pray when his heart was deeply moved will not be surprised that the grieving mother soon ceased sobbing, nor that when the prayer was ended she went straight to father and kissed him, saying with quivering lips, "As He wills; He doeth all things well." The triumph of her faith was soon put to the severest test, for that same evening her baby sickened, and within a week the beautiful little form was hidden from her sight under the soft, green

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grass in their own garden. At tea, in our own home, after the baby's funeral, father said, "I've always laughed at dreams, and I know that mine, if I have any, are not worth repeating, but as long as I live I'll not forget the dream of the wee white dove."

The sore in father's leg, which followed the erysipelas, healed up very thoroughly, but left him so lame that for many weeks he went about on crutches, and later on with the help of two canes. Resuming his ministerial work was out of the question, and so he applied, through the Chairman of the district, for superannuation at the next Conference. With this in view, arrangements for removal had to be made. Uncle John again came to the rescue, and wrote to father, asking him, in a truly kind and brotherly way, to bring us all up to Cavanville, where he would place one of his houses at our service, for as long or as short a time as we wished. William was appointed elsewhere, and we were sorry to say good-bye, for he always seemed our very own, and we often laughed when strangers remarked how much "young Mr. Sanderson resembled his mother." John, the eldest, with his wife, made us a visit during the last weeks of our stay in Madoc; and George, who had stayed with us as long as he could, to our great delight, took unto himself a wife from a good old Methodist family named Lowrey. Dr. David Lowrey is one of her brothers. Father was never so happy as when his children were all around him; and never, from any look or word of hers, could they tell that our mother was not theirs as well.

CHAPTER XI.

CAVANVILLE AND MILLBROOK.

THE journey from Madoc to Cavanville had to be specially arranged, as father would not let mother undergo the fatigue of driving such a distance, and so he sent her and her youngest four by stage to Belleville, where we took the train and found our way, via Port Hope, to Millbrook, which was only four miles from the little village where for a time we were to make our home. This was a wholly new experience, as we had never before had a ride on the cars, though just once we had seen a train coming into Peterborough from Cobourg, the first train, indeed, that came over that wonderful bridge across Rice Lake, where so many thousands of dollars found a watery grave along with the hopes of those who expected to make their fortunes. Our goods and chattels went with us by train, while father and Matt drove all the way in the buggy; and when we met again to rehearse our experiences, the sum total of all we had seen and heard, and the greater all of our individual impressions and imaginings, would have made a good-sized volume.

We were soon settled, and then the boys went to school, while Mary stayed at home to help mother with the care of our little sister, and to gain further knowledge of housework. John and his wife had called on

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their way home to the western village of Wallaceburg, and had taken me with them to make a year's visit, as they were fond of children, but had none of their own. The understanding was that, if we were all spared, father should go to see them the following summer and bring me home. Although the letters from mother and Mary were frequent and full of interesting details of home life, that year doesn't count in my story, inasmuch as distance lent only a sentimental enchantment to my view of family life, while it obscured the perspective regarding incidents in which individual characteristics were brought into play. But the months passed by, and in the early summer of the next year father came for me, and seemed so well and strong that it was hard to believe he had just entered his seventieth year. His lameness was all gone, and he would laughingly say, "Sure, I'm renewing my youth like the eagle." I soon learned that the year had been fruitful in the finding of new friends as well as in reviving many smouldering fires, which needed but the fanning of renewed intercourse to glow again and radiate warmth as of old. Father had kept his horse, and now that he was relieved of regular ministerial duties, he "filled in gaps," as he called it, when asked to supply some brother's pulpit now and again. In this way he made many pleasant journeys through Cavan and Manvers and into North Monaghan, where still lived a few of those whose memories of Erin rekindled his own, and made an occasional meeting a sort of joyous sacrament. Mr. John Dundas, Mr. and Mrs. William Morrow, of Cavan, and Mr. Archie Wilson and his

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beautiful wife, of Manvers, were of this group of dearly loved and ever-welcome friends. No doubt there were others, but keeping track of names is not one of my strong points, and so I crave forgiveness for any sin of omission along this line, which is far removed from the intentional.

My impression is that there was no Wesleyan service in Cavanville during our stay; the New Connexion of Methodists held the fort in the village, while the Anglicans worshipped in a dear little church about a mile to the north and very prettily situated. We went to Sunday school as well as the regular services, and became quite attached to the superintendent, Mr. Robert Thompson, of whom father had a very high opinion. He became a photographer and did a thriving business later on in Peterborough and later still in Toronto. Just across the road from our house was a roomy cottage, which always looked like the outward sign of a woman's capable, cultured spirit. Dr. Rowan lived there with his clever wife and growing family, with whom we soon became quite friendly. Uncle John's home was not far away, a comfortable house, but by no means pretentious, with a fine garden, from which fruit and vegetables found their way almost daily to our table. He was, however, building a palatial residence in Lindsay, with the purpose of removing to that thriving town so soon as the new home could be made habitable. This arrangement suggested the advisability of another move for us, and so, in the fall of 1858, we pulled up stakes once more and pitched our family tent in the village of Millbrook, where Uncle Matthew Knowlson's widow

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and children were living. This move left father still in touch with all the friends, either newly made or refound, nor did mother suffer the usual wrench of friendly ties, since the distance was only four miles.

Here was a flourishing little church belonging to the Wesleyans, under the superintendency of Rev. Richard Whiting, with whom was associated Rev. W. H. Field, and later, Rev. James Whiting, recently arrived from England with his little son. The circuit was an extensive one, and during our stay the different ministers in charge were often glad to avail themselves of father's services, and he, when at all free from his arch-enemy, asthma, was equally glad to be of use, and I venture to say that his old friends at the various appointments welcomed him right heartily, not so much because of his attractive preaching as for his ever-ready sympathy in all their joys and sorrows. The South Monaghan appointment (where his old and tried friends, Mr. Samuel Might, Mr. William Thompson and Mr. Joseph Barnard, lived) and the Twelfth Concession of Cavan Church (where the Morrrows, Meharrys, Dundases, Walshes and many others met for worship) were two of his favorite preaching places. He preached also in the church at Millbrook, but I always had a fancy that he felt more thoroughly and more happily at home when he could look into the faces of his congregation and find there the ready soul-response of those whose hearts were knit to his. In the village we all made new friends, many of them sons and daughters of the old stock so dear to father's heart, as the brothers James, John and William Might, and their cousin, Dr. Might, who

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regaled us with many a story of his boyhood days when he went to school to Mr. Wm. Spotton. We were all specially interested in these tales because Mr. Spotton had married mother's only sister, who died when we lived in Newburg, leaving two little children, Henry and Charlotte, for whom mother held a peculiarly strong affection, as this sister was the youngest of the Knowlson family, the only one born after they came to Canada. She was attractive in appearance, intelligent and vivacious, with a keen sense of humor, which made her a delightful companion. Her son and daughter inherited these qualities in a marked degree, and both took quite naturally to their father's profession, in which they have done good work. Mr. H. B. Spotton's services, as one of Ontario's prominent educators, have lately received recognition in the conferring of the degree of LL.D. by Queen's University. Both father and Mr. Spotton wore wigs, and mother's eyes always twinkled merrily as she recalled a remark made by Aunt Mary, herself a bride, when father proposed for her older sister's hand. "Rather droll, Jane, isn't it," said she, "that we two English Tories should marry *Whigs*, and Irishmen at that?"

The English Church clergyman in Millbrook, Rev. Mr. Allan, who afterwards became Dean Allan, was a very able man, whose influence for good in every direction was strong and far-reaching. Mrs. Allan, in her own particular sphere, was equally notable. Father's admiration and respect for Mr. Allan grew into warm liking, his life and teachings being so perfectly consistent, and, therefore, in marked contrast

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with those of the men whose fox-hunting and card-playing propensities in the old land had driven father to cast in his lot with the Methodists.

Our cousins, the Knowlsons, had cousins, the Taylors, of whom we became very fond, the young people being congenial as companions and playfellows, while Mr. and Mrs. Taylor were greatly valued as friends by father and mother, they were such fine people. Mr. Taylor was station master at Millbrook for many years, and was respected by everyone.

There was another favorite preaching place for father, in the section where the brothers Edward and Thomas Richardson lived, also the Sharpes, Henry and David, all fine, good men and staunch Methodists. There were others, too, the Staples and Fallisses, and a host of nice people whose names have given my memory the slip, but whose life records are in God's books.

Rev. Thomas Stobbs, an Englishman with an Irishman's heart and off-hand manner, succeeded Mr. Whiting. When father went to give him a sort of fatherly greeting on his arrival, he said: "We bid you welcome, Brother Stobbs, just as heartily as our sorrow for losing Brother Whiting will let us. You'll just have to bear with us for a bit." With a warm hand-clasp and a right jolly "Ha! ha!" Mrs. Stobbs answered in the same spirit, "That's the sort of welcome I like, Father Sanderson; the people who know enough to cry over Brother Whiting's going away are the very ones to give me a decent chance, and who knows but they may have a tear or two left for me when I go." When father came home he said to

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mother, "My heart warms to that man as if he'd been born in Inniskillen. He's true to the core, I know." And that impression never weakened nor varied during all the years that followed. It was evidently mutual, for when the two were at home never a day passed without an interchange of views on theology or politics, or local affairs; and with all his Irish wit and love of fun, father never got the start of Mr. Stobbs. Nor was this dear new friend one whit behind our tender-hearted father in the bigness of his sympathy with sorrow and suffering wherever he found it. Mrs. Stobbs was a rare woman, capable and practical, and at the same time endowed with more than ordinary intellectual power. Father and mother had long known her gifted brother, Rev. Dr. Lachlin Taylor, but it was when he came to see her that we first saw and heard him. The hearing him was an awakener we had never dreamed of. He had but recently returned from the Holy Land, and had brought with him an Egyptian mummy and other relics and curios, which he exhibited at one of his famous lectures. And in this hospitable home we also met a goodly number of Victoria College students, among them her two nephews, the elder, the fine, manly material out of which our own Chancellor Burwash was to be made, and his stalwart, studious brother John.

Never before or since, I fancy, have such a trio met on such delightful terms of brotherly love—their nationalities, individualities and comicalities all strongly marked, yet the Highlander, the Englishman and the Irishman, as represented by Dr. Taylor,

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Mr. Stobbs and father, seemed to be of one heart and one mind in their uprightness of character and their earnest purpose to spend their lives in the service of Christ and His church. The commonplace was a simple impossibility when they were gathered together for "a confab," whether they discussed Egypt and its musty, dusty revelations of ages long gone by, or expressed their deeper thinkings along doctrinal lines, or gave way, as they often did, to an irrepressible spirit of fun, when they were as jolly as schoolboys out for play; at any and all times they were inimitable. The memory of these meetings is still an unqualified joy to Mary and me.

Another great pleasure was given us during Mr. Stobbs' stay in Millbrook, and that was the coming of Dr. Nelles, who seemed to enjoy as much as father and mother did the reviving of the old Newburg friendship. We juveniles, who had only childish recollections of him, were delighted beyond measure to meet him and hear him preach, and to know for ourselves that he was all, and even more, than father and mother had represented him to be. While in Millbrook he had his home with Dr. James Brown and his family, where the cosy surroundings and genial atmosphere made a most delightful resting-place for ministerial toilers at any and all times. Mother laughingly told Mrs. Brown that, for the time being, she had no positive proof that she had a husband, since he and Dr. Nelles seemed unwilling to be separated, and Dr. Brown, another old and most congenial friend, insisted that they should all make the most of the time they could have together. Under

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these heart-satisfying influences our dear old dad became a boy again and fairly radiated his own joyousness.

It was in Dr. Brown's home that we first met Miss M. G. Worden, the gifted and accomplished daughter of a Wesleyan Methodist preacher in England. This lady had come out to Canada by special arrangement to act as governess to Dr. Brown's two young daughters, beautiful little girls, who fully rewarded Miss Worden's watchful care and faithful teaching.

It was here that Mary and I joined the church, and though we felt it to be a momentous step, father's pleased approval was enough to make us glad that we had taken it. In class and Sunday school, and in day school as well, we were friendly with the Wallaces, Pendrys, Greens, Richardsons and Hetheringtons. In day school, of course, the range was wider, as denominational differences were out of sight there.

Not just in the village, but near by, lived an old gentleman named Errett, whom we were all anxious to see because of what father had told us about him in connection with his first Sunday in Canada, which he was obliged to spend in beautiful, historic Quebec. Leaving his wife and the children to rest and refresh themselves at the hotel, father sallied forth to find a Methodist place of worship, and catching up to a fine-looking man on his way, asked to be directed. The answer was a very cordial invitation to accompany him to his church, as he too was a Wesleyan, and as they walked and talked the Master drew near as of old, breathing upon them His own gracious spirit until their hearts burned and glowed as with heavenly

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fire, and from that Sunday morning dated an abiding friendship which never seemed to lose its early fervor.

It was while we lived in Millbrook that father became fully convinced of the fact, as a fact, that one of his little girls could and did write rhymes. It took a long time to convince him, and many a test the small rhymester had to submit to before the evidence was accepted as proof sufficient. Then, like many another fondly ambitious father, he wanted to see some of the verses in print, and when one day the mail brought our time-honored friend, *The Christian Guardian*, and that worthy paper was found to contain a short piece with his daughter's name attached, his happiness seemed complete, and the sight of his pleasure was the sweetest drop in that daughter's cup of joy. Up to this date these productions had been called "jingles," "rhymes," and "verses," but when *The Christian Guardian* thought well enough of them to print them subsequent efforts were treated with more respect, and ere long, in the family estimation, if nowhere else, rose to the dignity of poetry.

During our stay in Millbrook father was asked to supply for Rev. Edward Morrow, who had been thrown out of his cutter and somewhat seriously injured. This meant a six months' absence from home, which he broke in the middle by a flying visit. When we teasingly reminded him that he had said it would "take more than one Stationing Committee" to make him undergo another Madoc experience of separation from his wife and children, he said, "Yes, I did, and I meant it, and this is more, it has my friendship for

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William Morrow and his wife and for their son, Eddie, tacked on. I'm doing it as I would for my own child."

We had made one move during our sojourn in Millbrook, the itinerant habit having gotten into our blood and bones, and now as spring wore on it became evident that still another was under contemplation. Father's special friend, Dr. Brown, had removed to Peterborough, and had not been there very long before he became acquainted with so many who were eager in their enquiries after "Father Sanderson" that it occurred to him as a good thing to propose our return to that enterprising town. So sure were these dear people that father would be a help and a blessing to them that they pledged themselves to add to his yearly income from the Superannuation Fund a sum sufficient to make it worth his while to go. The Stobbs were leaving, their three years' stay being up, and so father accepted the call from the Peterborough friends, and ere long we were once more in the throes of packing up with a June removal in view.

It was before a decision was reached that we youngsters had what the boys called "a rise out of father," whose power of withdrawing himself into himself was away beyond the ordinary. We had a cow as well as a horse, and the cow had a calf, and this calf had a most insane desire to exercise its ruminating powers at all times and seasons, as the newly-washed clothes frequently testified. One morning father said, in answer to some of our questioning, "I'll take to-day to find my way out of the valley of indecision," so after breakfast he began perambulating between the house

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and the stable, utterly absorbed in his own thoughts, and apparently oblivious to everything else. Presently we saw the calf following him at very close range, and soon discovered that the creature was sucking and chewing at the tail of his coat. For the fun of the thing we waited to see what would happen next, but when he came straight on, utterly unconscious of the calf's occupation or our unholy mirth, mother caught sight of him from the kitchen door, and then our roars of laughter brought him back to things sub-lunar. He wasn't quite happy about it, but the situation was so altogether comical that he was forced to share our fun; but mother's job of darning his coat tails made drastic measures with the calf assume the imperative, and so it was coaxed to try the taste of a white rag in which a few cayenne buds were tied up. After that experience nothing ever tempted it to chew a rag of any description, so we concluded that it had learned its lesson pretty thoroughly. Be that as it may, father's path out of "the valley of indecision" took him but a short time to traverse, and by dinnertime we all knew that Peterborough was again to be our home; and we knew, too, that the steps to reach it must be expeditious, as father could not bear to have our dear friends, the Stobbs, move away to Canton and leave us behind. Some remnant of Irish superstition must have been lurking, unsuspected, in his mind, for he was in solemn earnest to be the first to move; and we did, for everything was being made ready for us at the other end. I have said, for us, but as Matt and I were both away teaching, the perfect number in the family circle was reduced to five.

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I have a faint sort of remembrance that father preached in the village church that last Sunday evening of our stay in Millbrook, and that his heart was made glad as one after another said a tearful good-bye, telling how often his timely words had warned, or strengthened, or cheered them, along life's toilsome journey. The Howells were prominent workers in church and Sunday school in those days, S. J., the eldest brother, being superintendent of the latter, and his wife, the clever Miss Everett of Montreal, gave him splendid help. She was our Bible class teacher, and when we came to say good-bye it was with the feeling that we "ne'er should see her like again."

To father's great regret, mother's greater, and my own greatest of all, I was left behind until the summer holidays should set me free from my second half-year's engagement, my eighteen-year-old strength having broken down under the strain of teaching and governing a country school with a winter average of over seventy pupils. I had undertaken this work with a definite purpose to pay off a family debt of one hundred dollars, which father's yearly stipend could not meet. Was ever a girl prouder or happier than I when I laid the receipted bill on father's knee and heard him murmur in a voice hoarse with feeling, "Dear Lord! I thank Thee"? If it hadn't been for the big, warm hug I got, I might have felt hurt over the fact that the small human medium by which the blessing reached him seemed to be completely overlooked.

CHAPTER XII.

BACK TO PETERBOROUGH.

OF that packing-up, moving, and unpacking I know nothing except by hearsay, for when the summer holidays came and I went home, I found them all comfortably settled in a nice, roomy old house with a big verandah, near the banks of the Otonabee, at a bend in the river where "Dickson's Dam" made a fine chute for the rafts of logs and square timber brought down from the forest stretches beyond and around the chain of lakes to the north. We fell in love with the place at once; the verandah was a luxury we had never enjoyed before, and the lawn and garden combined furnished ample space for morning and evening frolics. Rev. Mr. Langton was pastor of the Wesleyan Church when we went, and I think Rev. John Carroll succeeded him. The Bible Christian friends had a church of their own nearer the centre of the town. "Beautiful for situation" was the pretty Anglican Church on the north side of Hunter St., while the tower and spire of St. Paul's delighted the hearts of one section of the Presbyterian faith, old St. Andrew's satisfying in every respect, architectural or doctrinal, the artistic and mental tastes of its adherents.

In answer to our inquiries as to the routine of church services, we were told that we might begin on Sunday morning by attending a seven o'clock prayer

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meeting, class-meeting at half-past nine, preaching at half-past ten, Sunday school at half-past two, teachers' prayer-meeting immediately after, volunteer tract distribution from half-past four to five, and evening preaching at half-past six, with a prayer-meeting at the close. Whether or not Mary and I, at that particular time, had reached that point in our spiritual development when we couldn't get too much of a good thing, I'm not even now prepared to say, but we cheerfully tackled the whole job, and when night came felt increasingly virtuous for every added ache in our bones, although secretly glad that only one day in the week demanded such an outlay of strength. Later on, when a candid friend called us, "Gospel greedy," we were forced to see that such a parody on Sunday as a "day of rest and gladness" must have a curious look to those who were just watching Christians to see how they did it. However, that first Sunday morning we got up a wee bit earlier than usual on "Rest Day," and, having milked the cow and left everything ready for breakfast, away we went as happy as two birds, and slipped into meeting just as they were kneeling for the first prayer. After two or three had prayed we rose to sing, and then, as we ventured to glance around, imagine how the spirit of worship fled before the demon of conventional fright when we found ourselves, two lone girls, and absolute strangers at that, in a young men's prayer-meeting! We took our courage sharply to task, however, and determined that we'd neither slip out, nor shirk, so we joined in the singing, and responded as best we could when the leader called on us to pray.

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But it was an experience we did not relish, and so we resolved that we'd start a crusade among the girl members of the church and get them out to enjoy the Sunday morning prayer-meeting. Our success proved an impetus to more than one who came and found it a good way to begin the day. But we had pleasure as well as discomfort at that first meeting, for when the little service was over our old friend, S. P. Ford, introduced his trio of special friends, W. J. Mason, G. A. Cox and T. Donnelley, also Robt. Rowe, Will Dixon, Aleck McNeil, and others whose names I forget. The welcome we received was so cordial that, somehow, we felt as if, after all, there might be worse places than a young men's prayer-meeting. Then, two of the prayers had moved us deeply, one was so straightforward and so simply expressed, and the other so soul-stirring in its reaching out after God. After that nothing could ever move our confidence in Geo. A. Cox and W. J. Mason. The others we learned to trust in a less direct and more deliberate fashion.

Father's heart was made glad to find himself in the centre of a large circle of warm-hearted Christian friends, sympathetic and appreciative. Mother's joy was doubled, since she had her own individual share, and father's as well. They were as glad as we were to find Mr. Robinson Rutherford still the superintendent of the Sunday school, and the old, well-loved pillars of the church still standing in their places, and still "abounding in the work of the Lord." Father Thompson, a beautiful old man, in person as well as in spirit, slipped back easily into his old-time place as confidential friend, and for all the years that fol-

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lowed, while both lived, father and he shared each other's joys and sorrows without reserve. Mr. Walter Sheridan was also there, although somewhat enfeebled; "Father" Morrow, who had moved in from the country; Mr. and Mrs. McBurney, Mr. and Mrs. Ford, Mr. James Stevenson, Mr. Wm. Cluxton, Mrs. and Miss Dundas, Mrs. Flavelle, Mr. J. R. Dundas, Mr. and Mrs. E. Allan, and a host of other friends, whose names would fill a chapter if I could remember them all. To Mary and me the joy of again seeing Mrs. Flavelle and knowing that she was glad to welcome us as congenial friends was beyond telling. It was a spur to us to be and do our best in everything we undertook. We soon found that there were many others, men as well as women, over whom she wielded a wonderful influence for good, who came to her for counsel in matters worldly as well as spiritual, and I never yet heard a regret for having followed her advice. Will my readers pardon me if, just here, I give them some lines written out of a full heart, when word came that this dearly loved, lifelong friend had gone to her reward. The original copy was placed in her hand and buried with her.

Dear Mother Friend!

We weep to-day, but not in bitterness,
Nor yet at all for thee, since kind release
Came not too soon to set thy spirit free,
'Tis for ourselves we weep, and even so,
Our tears fall softly, like the evening shower
That gently stirs to fragrance freshly sweet
Each drooping bud and flower.

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So to our hearts
These tears bring heaven's refreshing, bidding joy—
The joy of having known thee—speak to us
As thou wert wont to speak,—art speaking still
Through memories thronging from the many years
Since thou wert first our friend.—

Oh record fair!
Life's open page, without a blot or stain!
Our thought's most beauteous blossoms here we bring,—
White lilies, not more white than thy pure soul,
And crimson roses, token of thy strength,
Green ivy-leaves for thy fidelity,
With mignonette and heliotrope, to show
Thy gracious sweetness born of chastened power—
And thus we crown thee with unfading wreath,
That thou may'st enter heaven so crowned, and stand
Before the Holy One all unashamed,
Since, from its dawn to noon and evening hour,
Thy life was rich in all that God approves.

Sweet be thy rest
As our heart-thought of thee! Great be thy joy
As thy true influence here! And unto thee,
In that blest home which welcomes thee to-day,
Be given to know that thy strength fostered ours,
Thy grand, sweet courage bade us work with cheer,
And that to life's last hour we shall give thanks
To Heaven for such a friend.

A rare woman was Mrs. Flavelle, "an elect lady" in very truth. She lived to see her children's children, and her great-grandchildren; and long ere her sun went down she had the joy of knowing that her prayers for her loved ones had been answered; that not only did they "rise up and call her blessed," but that they themselves were "known in the gates" of God's earthly Zion.

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For more years than I can count we had been close correspondents, and we treasure those dear letters which invariably ended with "Your loving mother-friend, D.F.," among our most precious possessions.

Another "elect lady" was our English friend, Miss Worden, who had married Rev. Robert Brooking some years after his return from missionary labors in the Hudson Bay regions. He had been sent to the Rama Mission, and it was there that our friend began her life-work among the Indians. She gave herself to it without reserve, and in all her husband's labors and trials she proved herself an helpmeet indeed. In speaking of her once to mother, I heard Mr. Brooking say with great feeling, "She is so small and so frail that no one would expect her to do much, but she has an indomitable spirit." Ten years had passed since we had last seen her, and now we found that her mission toil and family sorrows had bleached her raven hair to snowy whiteness and dimmed to an unchanging sadness her beautiful brown eyes. But the toiling ceased not, nor the gracious winsomeness, with which she strove to lead her dear red brothers and sisters into paths of virtue and peace, until the frail body could no longer sustain the burden. To the close of life, however, the sweet, strong soul of her continued to radiate help, and strength, and blessing. Of both her and Mrs. Flavelle father always said, "I thank God for having known them."

It was through Mrs. Brooking that we three sisters entered the Indian Mission work as teachers at Hiawatha and Alderville. And so it came to pass that in his extreme old age father's heart was gladdened

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by the thought that his daughters fitted in quite happily among these "brown lambs" and their elders, although he had felt himself wholly unsuited to the work.

As I have already intimated, we had so grown into the itinerant habit that we seemed unable to throw it off; at least that is the way outsiders, who couldn't be expected to understand the persuasive power of the inner "in'erddness of things," must have commented on our frequent flittings. Be that as it may, father was too old now to overcome the life-long habit of migrating every second or third year, so it seemed but a matter of course when he proposed to mother the advisability of accepting the offer made by Mr. Thompson that we cross the Otonabee to Ashburnham, Peterborough's pretty suburb, and take half of the big house which he and his wife occupied, and in which he said they felt quite lost. The rent being much less than that of the house we were in, no doubt strengthened father's inclination to move. It certainly had a powerful influence in lessening mother's opposition. So across the river we went and soon learned to look upon Mr. Thompson as a second father. He had a keen sense of humor, which we all enjoyed, his fun was so childlike and innocent. He kept a lot of hens, some of them beautifully crested, and he amused himself and us by naming these after various showily dressed ladies, whose bonnets did not, in his estimation, typify the sort of feminine adornment recommended by the Apostle Paul. He was of such a gracious spirit that when his humor became caustic we knew of a surety that he must have been

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greatly disturbed, and we were correspondingly anxious to find out the cause. One Sunday morning the minister in charge, who rather irritated our old friend, he was such a stickler for law and order, closed the petitionary part of his opening prayer with the fervent request, "We beseech Thee, O Lord, that Thy servant, who has been set apart to this ministry, may go in and out among this people in all purity of life and doctrine. Grant that he may ever be an example of the charity that never faileth." Instantly, and with old-fashioned Methodistic fervor, Mr. Thompson responded, "Hear him, good Lord, he needs it." There was a faint yet perceptible movement in all the adjacent pews as of people settling into their places after having been startled, but the minister went on with his prayer, quite unconscious that at least one-third of his congregation never knew for whom or what he had prayed after he was through praying for himself. Father's asthma had kept him at home that morning, and so in our account of the service and sermon we rehearsed for his benefit the pastor's personal petition and Father Thompson's hearty response. Between the laughing and coughing that followed he was in danger of choking, but as soon as he was able he told us what he thought it all meant. It seems that the minister had begun to insist that, under any and every circumstance, children should be brought to the church to be christened. To some this seemed very arbitrary, and a certain poor woman whose clothes were very shabby made a pretext of the baby's illness, which was by no means dangerous, to ask father to go to her home and christen the little

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one. Knowing the people well and feeling sure that the child would go unchristened unless this concession were made, father went to the poor little home and gave the sick baby the name chosen for it, taking an early opportunity of reporting what he had done. "You have been doing the devil's dirty work, Father Sanderson—that is my opinion of it," was the pastor's comment. Father Thompson's heart was as sore over this scathing rebuke as was that of his friend, and so his response had special force. Once when I asked him how he and father became such fast friends he answered, "He always stood by me in trouble, and many a one have I had."

I do not now remember the exact date, but there came a time in the growth of the town, and of Methodism in the town, when another place of worship more convenient to the good people in the southwest section was deemed expedient, if not absolutely necessary. And so it came about that Charlotte St. Church was built and its regular work established, though for a year or two, perhaps more, the pastors exchanged pulpits for one of the Sunday services. But when final arrangements were made and the South church had its own distinct organization, pastor and all, there was much regret, both felt and expressed, because Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. T. Donnelley, and scores of other nice people were lost to the work of the George St. Church, which, like many another cause, believed in holding what it had, while gathering from near or far afield all it could reach. But, where Mr. and Mrs. Cox were concerned, the interests of the George St. Church missed only

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their presence at the services. This was more than enough for some of us; but at all times and seasons they were with us in any and every scheme for the furtherance of church work. Father often chuckled gleefully over this, and said, "I told you they were big enough to take up the new cause without forsaking the old." Mrs. Cox was the second daughter of mother's old friend, Mr. Daniel Hopkins; she was our own old schoolmate, and her cousins were ours, so there always seemed to be a very strong bond between us. This bond was further strengthened when her older sister married the eldest son of father's special Old-Country friend, Mr. William Morrow, of Cavan. I want to say here of Mrs. Cox, that forty years' close friendship, and intimate connection in church and mission work, but strengthened our esteem and increased our affection. The full extent of her charities will never be known on earth, nor the far-reaching influence of her strong and gracious personality. The world is richer to-day, especially the Methodist world, because of her beautiful life; but while her devotion to her own church interests was intensely strong, her benevolence did not suffer any limitation; wherever there was need there was she speedily found, in person or by proxy, but always with ready help. Once when she had planned something a bit out of the ordinary, and was pushing it through with unsparing energy and unstinted purse, an Irish friend said, when told that Mr. Cox was as interested as Mrs. Cox in the success of the effort, "Faith! an' the good Lord knew what He was about when He put money into the hands of George Cox an' his wife." Long years afterwards,

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when this dear Irishwoman, in broken health, was stranded in Toronto, her case was mentioned to Mrs. Cox, and immediately a comfortable home was secured, and ample provision made for her to the end of her days. In this she was well seconded by Mrs. J. W. Flavelle, the daughter of Rev. O. Ellsworth and granddaughter of our dearly-loved Father Thompson, a lady well fitted to represent these noble-hearted men. Chancellor Burwash and Mrs. Blewett have paid worthy tribute to the grace of person and beauty of character of dear Mrs. Cox. She was one whom all "delighted to honor"; but, having entered the King's presence and touched the royal sceptre, she was called away from the weariness of earth into "the rest that remaineth."

CHAPTER XIII.

A LOOK BACKWARD.

OUR first lesson on Temperance, that is temperance as related to the liquor traffic, was given us children when I was between three and four years of age. It was in the village of ——. Father had gone to another part of the circuit, to be away over night, leaving mother with a little maid of thirteen, and four of us children, the eldest only seven years old. We juveniles had all been bathed and robed for the night, and were enjoying our special evening hour, the most delightful of the whole twenty-four, when, free from shoes and stockings, and nothing on but our nightgowns, we were allowed to tumble about, scamper in and out, and be jolly to our heart's content, our mother's theory being, that children should be sent to bed happy. Sometimes in the later years when I have thought what it must have cost her, nervous and weak as she so often was from overwork and anxiety, I have marvelled at the patient sweetness which endured that hour of happy uproar so that her dear ones might fall asleep under rainbowed skies of gladness. When father was at home and there were no visitors, we had an extra good time; a romp with him always bringing all our wits into play and giving added zest to the performance. On this particular evening our fun was in full swing when we were startled by seeing

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Jenny, the maid, rush past us all, lock the front door, and then fasten down the front windows. She was none too quick about it, for the next thing we heard was a fierce shout, heavy, uncertain footsteps, and language which frightened us, although we did not understand its awfulness. 'Twas more than enough for us that mother's face, even to her lips, grew white and still, and that the maid sank upon her knees in a corner of the room, her head covered with her apron. Then began a pounding on the front door, followed by kicks and fiercer poundings, and threats to burn down the house if not admitted. Matt., the eldest crept quietly to mother's side and whispered, "It's only a woman, Ma; maybe she'd be all right if you let her in." But mother shook her head and whispered back, "No, dear, I dare not." We were too young to understand, but we saw the fear and sorrow and pity of her sweet, pure soul pictured on her face, and were hushed to silence. But little as we were we knew with the keen perception of childhood that it was her love and care and sense of responsibility for us and Jenny that made her pay no attention to the prayers and pleadings and curses of the wretched woman outside. At last we heard her go stumbling down the steps from the porch door, and running to the window saw her in the gathering gloom go staggering down the street—saw, for the first time in our lives, the awful sight of a drunken woman. A woman, once an innocent baby, now loathsome in mind and body through drink; once a sweet young girl; once a happy bride; once a proud young mother, now a drunken outcast. We had no more play that night,

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and mother, thinking rightly that we were too frightened to go to sleep, got the Family Bible, read some sweet portion from which she drew comfort and strength and courage for herself and a dear reflected soothing for her timid flock. Then she prayed for our Father's watchful care and loving protection, and by the time she had finished we were all ready to say our prayers in happy confidence that everything would be all right. The dear mother never slept all night. The poor creature's threat to burn down the house made her so anxious that she felt she must keep watch.

Next morning when Jenny went to one of the neighbors, from whom we got our daily supply of milk, she heard that a woman had been found dead, very early, in a field or piece of waste ground just beyond the village. She had got more drink after leaving the parsonage door, and had wandered over to this vacant lot. Father had to pass through the village on his way home, and heard, of course, of this awful event, which cast a gloom over everything and everybody. But he did not know how his wife and children were associated with the horror of it all until he came into the house and went to greet mother, whose brave heart had borne so much that now, within the shelter of his arms, she broke down and wept bitterly. The thought that so terribly oppressed her was, ought she to have let the woman in, and so perhaps have saved her life. Father felt it all very keenly, but he comforted mother by justifying the course she had taken, and by showing her that it is never quite fair to anyone to argue from consequences. At the same time he was inexpressibly grieved to think that this woman, no matter

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how degraded, had knocked at his door and pleaded to be taken in and sheltered—her last earthly knocking and pleading—and had been repulsed. His face was drawn and his blue eyes dark with pain, yet he held to it that mother did right; she had her four helpless children to protect, and they were her special responsibility. We didn't understand what he said to mother, but our little hearts went out to him in great waves of love when we saw by the drying of her tears that the terrible burden was lifted.

Then he talked to us children, the three old enough to pay any attention, and told us the whole pitiful story. She had been a pretty, high-spirited girl, fond of dress, and greatly indulged at home, then she married a proud, stern sort of man, who exacted obedience to all his wishes about even trivial things, and against this tyranny she very quickly rebelled. Discord became the order of the day until their first baby was born. Then for a time everything went smoothly, their mutual love seemed to revive as the new sweetness took hold of their hearts and lives. These harmonious relations did not last very long. Two strong wills again began to conflict and neither would yield an inch. There was a lull while the baby boy had the croup, but when he was claimed by the angels, and the beautiful little body was laid to rest in the graveyard on the hill, the husband and father packed his valise, made some plausible excuse to the neighbors about business which had to be attended to, started by the early morning stage before his wife was awake, and was never heard of afterwards, though it was rumored that he went to California and joined a mining camp.

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Days grew into weeks and weeks into months, and still the desolate young mother watched vainly for her husband's return. She became pale, and thin, and languid, and her physician ordered stimulants. These were so comforting that she soon learned to resort to them whenever her spirits fell lower than usual; and so it came to pass that within a very few years everyone knew she had passed the boundary-line of self-control, that she had become a drunkard. Everyone pitied her, friends tried to help her, good people pleaded with her, and prayed for her, but all to no purpose. The evil habit had fastened its cruel fangs upon her very vitals and she seemed helpless to make any resistance.

How father and mother cried as father told us the story, and we cried too. It seemed too dreadful to be true. Then father urged us, little as we were, to make up our minds never to touch or taste liquor of any sort. He and mother were staunch temperance workers all their lives, albeit in their old country homes there were no restrictions along these lines, and ales and wines were used as a matter of course. But seeing the evils wrought by the liquor traffic they took for their motto Paul's memorable words, "Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." But up to the time when we children learned our second temperance lesson we had the idea that no one except low, ignorant people got drunk. What was our astonishment then, after we moved to Lindsay and began attending the village school, to find that our teacher, a man of no mean mental ability or scholarly

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attainments, was a victim to the drink habit. He was a member of the ubiquitous family of Smiths, a bachelor; and when we learned to dread certain signs as indicative of greater severity than usual, we connected them with nothing beyond temporary ill-humor, for which there must be a reasonable cause. But as we grew more intelligently observant we could tell that there was a difference, not only in his appearance, but in his manner of speaking, which could not be attributed to bad temper. Then we began to notice the side remarks of the big boys and girls, and to wonder what was meant when one would whisper to another, "I say, look out for squalls, old Smith's off again." But after a time the truth flashed into our innocent minds that our teacher was very often so far under the influence of drink that he didn't know what he was either saying or doing. This state of things went on for some time without any special outbreak; but one day matters reached a climax, though I can't remember how it all began. I had transgressed some school law, written or unwritten, for I was but five years old, and a very nervous, restless little mortal, and had been sent in disgrace to sit between two of the big boys named Biglow. The horror of such a shameful punishment made me positively ill, for I felt sure it would bring reproach on father and mother, and that the boys would think me a nasty little thing, and would dislike me accordingly. But I was safe, so far as the boys were concerned, for they gave me a piece of slate and a pencil to make pictures, and fairly feasted me with candies and raisins, telling me not to cry any more, but to be just as naughty next day, so that the

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teacher would send me back again. The advice was questionable, but the kindness was so comforting that I quite lost sight of myself as a public disgrace to the minister's family. But just here I was startled to hear the master call out in fierce tones, "Martha Mitchell, you're talking, come here!" We all knew that such a command meant a whipping for the delinquent, more or less severe, according to the state of the master's temper, which, on this particular day, seemed ready to flare up on any and every provocation, however slight. Martha Mitchell was one of my special friends, and I trembled with fear for her. Whether she was too terrified to obey him, or simply defiant, I cannot say, but she never moved. Just one instant he paused, and then in two long strides he reached her seat, took her by the shoulder and jerked her onto the floor. She was eight years old and big for her age, and as she stood there tossing back her two long braids of glossy black hair, her dark eyes flashing fire, I heard one of the big boys near me say, "My word, isn't she handsome?" Not so the master! He reached out, and taking a braid of hair in each hand he lifted her by them, carried her a few steps and stood her on a chair in the middle of the floor. At first she screamed with the pain, then she stamped her foot at him and said, "You're a brute! My father's a trustee and he'll make you suffer for this." He answered very scornfully, "We'll see about that," but whether he had been sobered a little by his own unmanly act, or had noticed the looks of angry disgust on the faces of the older boys, or had grasped the idea embodied in Martha's threat, that trustees

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have power which they might, in this instance, see fit to use against him, I cannot say. However it was, he said no more, but he left Martha standing on the chair till school closed, where she made a very striking picture of childish indignation. If a man could have been slain by a look, that member of the Smith family would never have lived to endure the humiliation of facing a hastily summoned meeting of the Board of Trustees, from whom he received a prompt dismissal. What became of him I do not know; but the fact that a fine scholar, and a gentlemanly man of good family, could fall so low was a startling revelation to us children. Then came a problem to be solved. Why was it that Martha's father, one of the trustees, had the power to make the charge against the teacher and vote for his dismissal, when either he or his bartender had sold the man the various drinks which had made him unfit to act as teacher? Father felt this aspect of the question very keenly, for, by right of his ministerial position, he was accorded a place and a vote on the Trustee Board during his stay. To have this man, nice man though he was, able to sit in judgment, to help convict and then pronounce sentence on the unhappy victim of the traffic by which he was making himself and his family comfortable, seemed a monstrous inconsistency. He agreed heartily with the verdict, but he protested against the man who had sold the poison being allowed to sit among the jurors.

Thus were we trained to take a strong stand on the temperance question, and to realize that there was, somewhere, a tremendous wrong, and an equally

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tremendous responsibility, wholly apart from that of the individual. Very early life began to take on sombre hues, and we learned, by hearing our elders discuss the questions of the day, that the much-talked-about "brotherhood of man" was not always a recognized factor in the daily dealings of men with men. "Who is my neighbor?" seemed still a query without an answer.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

Did you not see him to-day on the street,
Tottering along on his earth-weary feet;
Pushed aside by the crowd in the throng that seemed endless,
Half-starved, heavy-hearted, old, feeble and friendless,
Awaiting life's end to greet death as a friend?

He is your neighbor.

Did you not pass him just over the way?
Did he not ask you for work for the day?
Did he not tell you how far he had walked?
Did he not mention how oft he was baulked,
Seeking and pleading but never succeeding
In getting the work of which everyone talked?

He is your neighbor.

You have met him, my friend, it may be to-night,
By the corner saloon. Such a pitiful sight!
Such a wreck of a man! No honor he knows.
He's been robbed of his best by his manhood's worst foes.
He's deserted his wife; he has blighted his life,
And so he drinks deeper to deaden his woes,

He is your neighbor.

Who is my neighbor?

The woman arrested, the woman whose curse
Is the curse of the world. Year by year she grows worse,
Less able to fight 'gainst the spirit of evil

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That reigns o'er the glass, darling child of the devil—
Crying out in despair, "Is there help anywhere?
I loathe it, I hate it, yet oh, how I love it!
I cannot resist; God of pity remove it."

She is your neighbor.

You engaged her this morning to wait on the door,
To sweep out your office, to scrub off the floor.
She makes up your neckties—fifteen cents the dozen,
'Tis that or 'tis nothing, her price is not chosen.
She is clerk in a store and she gets for her pay
Just enough to keep hunger's wolf standing at bay.
She's compelled to look nice, to be decently dressed
On—a balance of—nothing. Dare I tell you the rest?
God pity! God help her! He'll judge her the best.

She is your neighbor.

There she stands. The angels look at her and weep.
She was robbed of her crown, and over the steep
She fell into the pit the world has dug deep
For the woman who sins. She is branded for life,
Young, pretty, soft-hearted, a mother—no wife.
She would die if she could. She would wipe out with blood
Her sin and her shame, the dark blot on the name
Her good father gave her. Is she most to blame?

She is your neighbor.

Who is my neighbor?

The hungry, the ragged who shiver with cold,
The wretched, the friendless, the homeless, the old,
The crippled, the weak ones borne down by the throng,
Nameless waifs of the street, girl victims of wrong,
The weary of living, the sick, the oppressed,
The woman, the man, by the drink fiend possessed;
Earth's lost ones, the sinful who says, I repent.
To each Christ's sweet message of mercy is sent.

And each is your neighbor.

CHAPTER XIV.

FAILURES IN SEEKING FAME.

FATHER was not a poet, but the dear, big soul of him responded quickly and sympathetically to the rhythmic flow of verse, and so when it became a recognized fact that one of his little girls had something of a gift in that line he was very pleased and gave me wise counsel as well as kind encouragement. And so it happened that when *The Montreal Witness* many years ago offered, under certain conditions, a handsome prize in money for the best poem on Ireland, my ambition to win it was fired to a white heat. We were in great straits for money at the time. Indeed I am free to state that this was our normal condition as a family, but at this juncture there was some special pressure which I have now forgotten, and as I read, over and over again, this attractive paragraph in *The Witness*, I said to myself, "Oh, if only I could write a poem good enough to win that prize!" But even the idea of attempting to compete for it seemed such presumption that I put it away from me with a mental gesture that meant "Get thee behind me, Satan," and went about my home duties terribly depressed in spirit. It was so tantalizing to have a gift for making rhymes, but no real talent that could be made do efficient duty under circumstances where, on both sides of the transaction, something of commercial value

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was needed. The subject touched me deeply, because, though Canadian born, and although our English mother had special claim on any poetic ability I might possess, our father's descriptions of his native land had ever filled me with delight, and had fired my fancy with a strong desire to visit it and see for myself wherein lay its wonderful charm for him. The longing to write grew daily more intense, and yet I dared not venture.

"What ails the child?" said my mother, "She looks as if she hadn't a friend in the world." "I think I know," said father, "Come here, little woman, and I'll whisper it so nobody else will hear," and taking me on his knee, he said, "'You'd like to get that prize if you could?'" Wasn't I astonished? I didn't think he had seen the offer at all. Then he stroked my hair and pinched my cheek, and continued, "If I were a little girl I know, able to write a fair hand and to spell pretty well, with a few bright fairies dancing round in my brain ready to tell me pretty things to say, I'd see if I couldn't give folks a bit of a surprise. I'd try anyway, just to please my poor ould Irish daddy." That was all I needed by way of incentive, so, with a hug that must have left him breathless, I rushed off to my own particular den and began to write. It is needless to say that many a sheet of paper was covered with rhymes and committed to the flames before I could dream of copying, of submitting to father and mother for approval and of sending to *The Witness*. But at last all this was accomplished, and the dear father himself carried the precious little budget to the post office, his pleased look and words of approval more

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than repaying me for the hours I had spent in putting my thoughts into anything like a satisfying form. Indeed only for my father this last copy would have been "passed through the fire" unto whatever mythical personage presides over such sacrifices, so altogether faint-hearted was I with a consciousness that I hadn't been able to come up to my own standard, leaving that of *The Montreal Witness* judges out of the question.

Needless to say my little poem did not get the prize; but it was published in *The Witness*, and my good father took great pride in it, and that was the only consolation I ever had. I have found a copy of it in my sister's scrap-book, and as this little volume is begun with the special thought of honoring my dear father I cannot do better, I fancy, than by giving my readers a reprint of the verses.

ERIN.

Most gladly, in my father's name,
A daughter's privilege I claim
To celebrate the cherished fame
 Of Erin's golden days.
Fair "Isle of Saints," how purely bright
Shone o'er the world thy early light
Of holy teachings, ere the night
 Of error quenched its rays.

In pages of historic lore
I see thy high, proud place of yore,
When youth from many a foreign shore
 Sped to thy halls of fame;

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Where every virtuous thought was fanned,
While Truth and Science, hand in hand,
Spread Christian freedom through the land
In Jesus' blessed name.

I read of Clontarf's bloody day,
When Brian, bravest in the fray,
Knelt at the battle's close to pray,
In the red evening glow;
Thankful for vict'ry, without fear
Of coming ill, though foes were near;
One coward stroke and o'er his bier
A nation bent in woe.

Grand days there are of later date,
When Truth seemed weak, and Error great,
When Papal power ruled Church and State
And aimed to rule the world.
When Derry bells could loudly ring,
When victors of the Boyne could sing,
When Thomond Bridge saw William King,
And Freedom's flag unfurl'd.

Land of the generous and the brave,
Whose fair green shores old ocean's wave
In kindly greeting still doth lave,
Thy children fondly sing
Of all the scenes they value most—
Each beauteous glen and rocky coast,
Of wondrous cave and castle boast
And fairies' mystic ring.

But deeper, sadder thoughts arise,
And tears of sorrow dim mine eyes,
While fancy paints thy radiant skies,
Grand mounts and sunny dales.

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Sweet picture, beautiful and bright,
O'er which the dark and fatal blight
Of superstition's gloomy night
In pride of power prevails.

Oh! sons of Erin, staunch and true!
(Thank God for still a faithful few)
Rouse ye, there's noble work to do
For age and sturdy youth.
Oh, speed the day by toil and prayer,
Till in the dear old land so fair,
No voice of earthly power may dare
Oppose the reign of Truth.

And then shall Truth and Science stand
With Faith and Love, a glorious band,
The guardian angels of the land
So famed in ancient days.
And Erin, won to God, shall be
The beauteous Island of the Free,—
The brightest gem of all the sea,—
A theme for seraph's praise.

In later years I have more than once entered the competition lists for a prize poem, but have never been the fortunate winner. In these efforts I did not have the stimulus of father's loving approval, nor his tender sympathy to soothe my disappointments over successive failures. But I never lost the feeling that if he were here he would like to have me try, and that strong, inner consciousness always moved me to make an attempt even when morally sure that I stood no chance of winning. Then there was a piece, written for the Quebec Tercentenary Celebration, because I was so moved to write that I couldn't help it. Such as they are, dear reader, here you have them :

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THE FALL OF FORT LA TOUR.

April, 1645.*

Betrayed! Not beaten in fair fight,
Else never had that dauntless woman stood
Captive within her own strong fortress walls,
Deceived, insulted by a coward foe,—
Not else had her retainers, brave, true men,
Failed their liege lady, though 'twere death they faced,
Or worse.

Twice, from her crescent to full orb,
The moon had traversed blue Acadian skies,
Since the command for swift surrender came,
And, close besieged by troops and battleships,
A gallant husband's honor hers to guard,
The Lady of La Tour, her lord away,
Gave back proud answer from the red-hot throats
Of her good guns.

What foe could conquer here,
Where men fought bravely, not for life alone,
But for the safety of the lady fair,
Whose queenly soul held theirs as 'twere in leash?
Nor had she failed but for the hireling hand
That gave the enemy an open gate.
Nor even then, such courage she inspired,
But for the foul dishonor of the man,
Whose mind, degenerate, stooped not doing ill,
But found its lowest level with his thought.
He feared her still, so straightway asked a truce,
Then, with a guile most worthy of its source,
Offered such terms as honor might accept,
And she, with kindness matching courage rare,

*See "The Story of the Dominion," by J. Castell Hopkins, F.S.S. Chap. IV., page 93.

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Thought of her followers, starving, worn and weak,
And, yielding to her pity, gave consent.
Alas for honor! And alas for truth!
Alas for all that makes a man divine!
Her foe, exulting, now the fortress held,
And laughed at written contract rent in twain,
While Mercy and her angels fled the scene,
Dismayed.

With unmasked joy Charnisay planned
To make this royal soul drink sorrow's dregs,
His evil genius ever urging on
To sound his heart's dark depths and quickly fill,
To overflow, his cup of infamy.—
“At dawn of day,” so the grim sentence ran,
“With halter round her neck she shall stand forth
And watch the death-throes of her men-at-arms.”

Then, one by one, upon the battlements
His ready minions hung them high in air,
And eagerly he sought to catch some sign
Of her mute anguish, as with eyes dilate,
She gazed on each as to his doom he passed,
Giving such looks of courage, love and trust,
As strengthening angels gave the suffering Christ,
And with a voice all broken by her grief,—
“True friends, of His dear grace, God save ye all!”
She cried.

Then full upon her enemy
She turned the splendor of her glorious eyes,
Transfixing, by the power of her great soul,
Her vengeful captor, till his false eyes fell
Before the wondrous majesty of hers.—
And now uplifting, as 'twere rope of pearls,
The halter rude around her soft, white throat,

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She smiled her scorn of him, and said, "I wear
This necklet gladly, since the time will come,
When every nation under heaven shall hear
Of this day's work to your undying shame.

"Dost think to tame my spirit by such deeds?
Look out upon the ramparts! See those forms
Swayed by the winds from off the angry sea,
Their faces marred in death! Yet rather far,
Than know myself for what I know you are,
I'd share, right gladly, their most cruel fate,
Since their white souls attending angels claim
As kin.

"Methinks it must seem passing strange
To stand as victor in such strife as this,
Yet know you have not conquered,—
For, as the seagull flapping her white wings
Above the green waves racing for the shore,
Or eagle, rising from her nested crag,
Cries out in freedom's rapture, so my soul,
Upborne by love, and faith, and deathless hope,
Sings her own song of triumph over hate
And wrong."

Sweet in her tender womanhood,
Yet fitting mate for soldier brave was she.
But rank, nor courage, nor surpassing grace,
Could move the heart of Charnisay to spare.
She was his prisoner, yet her woman's soul
So scorned his power, that, maddened into hate,
He swore that none should ever ransom her
But Death.

Release came soon. Life ebbd in tears,
Not for herself, but that love's task had failed.
So onward went the warm, bright, friendly sun,

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Three times his weekly rounding of the days,
Each hour of which she counted, till the glow
Of that last sunset kissed her into rest.

FAIR CANADA.

Fair Canada! Their best of blood and brain
Our fathers gave to win thy broad domain,
 Cheered on by hope unfailing
 As gracious homesteads rose,
 Their brave hearts never quailing
 Though facing deadly foes.
While Faith's far gaze o'er wilds untrod,
Moved men by deeds to show their trust in God.

Fair Canada! No fairer land on earth!
Our own to prize—thy beauty and thy worth.—
 Thou holdest store of treasure
 In open, generous hand,
 So vast man may not measure,
 So near all may command.
Thou goodly land! We're pledged to thee!
From tread of foeman's heel God keep thee free.

Fair Canada! We share the Empire's fame,
Her Honor Roll, the might of her proud name.
 Her brilliant world-wide glory
 By valor's arm was won,
 Be thine as proud a story
 Of brave deeds nobly done.
Grand Western Land! Thy triumphs wait!
Stand thou for Right and God shall make thee great.

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QUEBEC'S TERCENTENARY.

(The Meaning of the Hour.)

"God rest his soul!"

So spake the Priest in quiet reverent tones,
And closed with gentle touch the dead man's eyes.
Then turned to see whose courtesy had sought
His service at this deathbed, for he felt,
As true souls will, the Christly brotherhood,
Whate'er his church-made form of faith might be.
"Come out," he said, "we can do nothing more.
Let's to the Terrace for a breath of air,
For my whole being calls for larger space
In which to feel for God.

"The passing of a soul

Touches the quick of even a dull man's sense.
But this, to-night! the cause, the place, the man!
Ah me! The mystery of such an ebb of life
Into the sea whose pulsing waves keep time
With the great throbbings of the Eternal Heart!—
Dark human guilt facing God's purity,
With just this spar to cling to, giving hope
That he had turned his soul-face to the light,
In that his last act did undo a wrong.
Aye, more than one, for see! he gave me this,—
A goodly sum indeed, to be restored
To one he basely robbed long years ago.
And this confession, tardy though it be,
Will clear suspicion from a good man's name.

* * * * *

"I'm strangely moved to-night. So still the air,
So charged with strong, yet subtle influence.
I feel that, any moment, from beyond,
Great spirits of the past may share with us,—

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Forsooth, are sharing now, to us unseen,—
This dreamy loveliness of earth and sky,
And here recall the thought-force reaching out
In those far days to make us what we are.

“You sent for me!

Of alien birth and training, and of creed,
We stood to-night beside the dying one
And sought to give him comfort. Howe’er taught,
We love and worship Him who loves us all.
You sent for me, and so I call you friend,
Though I have fought, for many a weary year,
Yea with strong crying, as for my soul’s life,
With the dark demon Hate, whose twin, Revenge,
Lingered, with evil promptings, ever near.

“You marvel at my words. Ah well! you won
The love of her who was my light of life,
And so I hid identity and grief
’Neath cowl and cassock, comforted betimes,
In that so many of earth’s troubled ones
Fed on the crumbs of love once hers alone.
She has passed on, and you and I are here,
New-bound in Christly fellowship of work.
Surely the Master knows!

“I clasp your hand,
Your willing hand, in mine, and feel the thrill
Of your strong soul responsive to my own.
Has a new era dawned upon the world
With this high festival of good and great?
Or is it but the neap-tide of the waves
Of that vast sea where men go seeking God?—
Albeit He may be found of them where love
Makes sweet joy-ripples in the dreary lives
Of earth’s o’erburdened ones.

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“You’re weary, Friend!

Come back that we may rest us where the moon
Gives beauty’s greater bounty to the eye.
How wondrous fair! The peace of God broods here.
But who are these upon the Terrace top?
Forms well outlined and yet so nebulous
One seems to see yet feels not well assured.—
Like us they note the far reach of the view,
And speak of it; but not a sound we hear,
Though all around are voiceless murmurings,
And hush of movement, as of flowers on wing
Distilling all their sweets.

“Give me your thought!

Does it not come to your soul as to mine,
That these are beings from the plane beyond?—
The three of all our heroes of the past
Whose spirits now, perchance, may yearn to see
The fruitage of their planting long ago,—
Champlain, Montcalm, and Wolfe, immortal three,
Whom men do well to honor!

“But back of these,

Wholly apart, and higher up, I see
A form of grace that far surpasses theirs,
And fills with radiance all the ambient air.
Within my raptured soul a voice cries out,
It is the Master! Comes He, as of old,
When Cana’s simple marriage-feast was spread,
To smile His benediction on the twain
Of peoples whom tried love has here made one,
And by that love’s sweet influence He will stamp
This legend on the dual nation’s heart.—
*Be this bright union but a symbol fair
Of larger welding of the Empire’s strength,
That, fighting Truth’s keen battles with clean hands,
A greater Britain than the world has known
Shall serve the Prince of Peace.”*

CHAPTER XV.

OUR FUN-LOVING FATHER.

FATHER'S love of fun was pretty generally known, though there were some who, never seeing him anywhere but in the pulpit or in class-meeting or at a prayer-meeting or a funeral, would vouch for his uniform, orthodox, ministerial solemnity with zeal as well as sincerity. He dearly loved a joke and a good story, and claimed that the man who spoiled a story in the telling of it should be sent to the penitentiary.

His sense of the fitness of things was strong, too. On one occasion he was engaged to marry a young woman, of whom he thought very highly, to a widower, whose late wife, loudly if not deeply lamented, had been buried scarcely a year, father having officiated at the funeral. The front door of the bride's home opened into the parlor, a spacious room occupying the whole front of the house, and this room was now filled with guests awaiting the appearance of the groom, which would warrant the coming of the bride from the "spare bed-room" at the back of the parlor, where she was being dressed for the ceremony. Father was near the window and caught sight of the groom as he alighted from his buggy, gave his horse in charge to a lad waiting for that purpose, and then came up the flower-bordered path to the house, and his quick eye caught sight of the heavy band of crepe on Mr. Blank's

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high silk hat, which only figured on Sundays and great occasions, and was therefore more readily noticed. Mr. Blank was ushered into the parlor, jokingly introduced by the genial host to his old acquaintances, and then presented to the minister as, "the man who wants you, Mr. Sanderson, to make him a member of my family." Mr. Blank came forward, radiant in black broadcloth and smiles, saying, "Very pleased, my dear sir, to renew your acquaintance under happier circumstances." Father responded with a courteous remark about the pleasure being mutual, or something of the sort, and then, with an "Allow me, Mr. Blank," reached out his hand for the high silk hat which the groom still carried. The host was profuse in apologies, but father persisted, and taking possession of the hat placed it on the centre-table, took out his pen-knife and opened the small blade with aggravating deliberation, cut the threads, removed the band of crepe, and with a comical smile returned the hat to its owner, saying, "Pardon me, but I could not let you sail into this harbor of blessedness carrying such a signal of distress as this at your mast-head."

I don't think that he ever quite forgave father for this bit of fun, which caused no end of merriment. Indeed he was heard to say, "He might have left the thing alone, Annie would have taken it off fast enough after we got home," giving no thought to the mortification of his bride, as seated beside him she would drive for many miles with that ridiculous badge of his late grief making him the laughing-stock of all who saw. Father saved her that.

Some time later he learned of the death of an Irish

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laborer who had worked for him in the old land, and had followed him to Canada, with very bright but vague ideas of bettering his condition. He was a man of niggardly disposition, who grudged, for himself as well as others, anything beyond the barest necessities of life, though he was a good workman and earned good pay. His wife was his exact opposite, both in appearance and disposition, for while he was small and spare, with a certain attenuated look, suggesting the shrivelling of his soul to match his body, she was of fair size, well built, fat and rosy, with a merry twinkle in her Irish blue eyes that won the hearts of the neighbors and made them never cease wondering, "Whatever made her marry the loikes av him?" Father never missed making a call at Bridget's shanty when in the neighborhood, knowing that she had much to bear, and that his visits were as cups of cold water to her thirsty soul. The man was honest, and he neither drank nor smoked, but he was so stingy, and so cranky, that the wives of two men who drank, and smoked as well, never thought for a moment of envying Mrs. O'Leary.

Now that the poor man had passed beyond any earthly jurisdiction, the neighbors in simple, kindly fashion tried to forget the meanness they had formerly been keen to discuss, but not even the most forgetful of them, nor the most forgiving, could think of a solitary nice, decent, kind act to be attributed to him, when they came to the wake in true Irish fashion, out of liking for the widow more than respect for the dead. This was too dreadful to be endured in silence, so up spake Barney More, a thrifty, big-hearted fel-

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low, whose feeble old mother kept house for him, and for whose sake he had never married. "Bridget," said he, "fur Hivvin's sake giv's a dacent wurd to say av 'im." "Och, thin, an' pwhat kin I tell yez? Shure me heart's broke wid tryin' ta think av sumthin' mesilf, an' faith, all I kin think av is how gay he wuz last 17th, wid his pot hat an' the swate little bunch av shamrock on his brist. Dade, thin, an' he looked foine." "An' d'ye mane ta till me, Bridget, that he spint a thrupenny-bit on shamrock?" "Divil-a-bit," said Bridget, "I had a wee pot in the windy, and he tuck that, ivvery lafe av it." Barney gave it up, more than ever confirmed in the opinion he had so often expressed, that "Bridget wuz clane thrown away on that bundle av stinkin' maneness, and that her marriage wid him wuz made where the fumes av sulphur riz up an' bloinded the eyes av her, so she nivver saw phwat she wuz gettin.'" The poor, loyal-hearted creature realized, in a way, that she had only made matters worse, and so she again covered her head with her apron, rocked herself to and fro, and did the best she could, for decency's sake, to simulate a grief she did not feel.

Father had been standing by the door listening to what was going on, and wondering what he could say or do under the circumstances that would not be misunderstood and so make trouble, for they were all Roman Catholics. He stepped into the shanty, and went to take a look at the corpse, which was thought to be the first thing to do according to the prescribed etiquette for such occasions. Then he said, addressing himself to the widow, "Mrs. O'Leary, I had no

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idea that Pat was such a fine-looking man." She emerged at once from the shelter of her apron, and turning her head towards the door so as not to look at anyone in particular, said, "Listen ta that, will yez? Listen to phwat his riverince says. Did ye hear that, Barney More?" "Urrah, yis, Bridget, shure his riverince knows he kin say that an' lave a margin." Bridget was silenced for the time, but she knew, and father knew, and everybody else knew, that underneath all this play of words lay a deep-seated purpose in Barney's mind to waste no time beyond the limits to which he was restricted by a very lax public opinion; and my father, out of a true regard for Bridget, and a kind desire to further Barney's wooing, said, "With all due respect to the dead man, whose faults and failings should all be forgotten, now that he can no longer speak for himself, I would say to Mrs. O'Leary, whom I have known for many years to be a faithful, good wife in the face of much that was hard to bear, I would say to her, don't spend too much time in mourning, for our earthly stay is not long at its best. When comfort is offered you by a kind Providence don't fail to take it." Barney waited for no more, but crossed over with quick strides to where she sat, threw his arm around her and whispered, as only an Irishman can, "Lit me begin roight now, Bridget." My good father thought this an opportune time to slip out, mount his horse and ride away, since he felt sure that the fruit of this seed-thought would grow quickly. And sure enough, within five months Bridget O'Leary became Mrs. Barney More, to her own comfort as well as Barney's delight. And the poor old mother never

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ceased to bless the day when, as she said, "Pat O'Leary died dacently in his bed, wid his face ta the wall, the only dacent thing he ivver did in his loife," and by so doing left Bridget for Barney, giving her a daughter, who cared for her devotedly to the end of her days.

Once in a while it happened that father's love for fun found expression in a practical joke, and we youngsters took huge enjoyment out of being victimized. But this was not always the case with older people, and our mother's words of gentle warning often prevented the perpetration of a joke that, to her thoughtful mind, held seeds of discord or unpleasantness. In the instance I am about to narrate, however, she was powerless to prevent the carrying out of his purpose, which opposition seemed only to strengthen. It all happened on this wise. In the late winter or very early spring of 1870 or thereabouts, mother received a letter from Rev. Dr. Carroll, asking her to kindly answer certain questions, which followed, concerning her "late husband," mentioning his purpose to use whatever she might tell him in the compiling of his work, "The History of Canadian Methodism." "Whatever has the dear old man got into his head?" said mother. "I must write at once and tell him his mistake." "Indeed, then, my dear child," said father, "you'll do nothing of the sort. If Daddy Carroll has killed me off before my time, I'm bound to have some fun over it. You'll just write back, my dear, and answer his questions, but not one word more an' ye love me." No persuasion could induce our mother to do this, so my sister Mary was instructed

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to act as her amanuensis and reply very explicitly to all Dr. Carroll's questions, but to give no hint about his mistake. When the letter was read for father's approval, his eyes twinkled gleefully in anticipation of the fun in store. Time rolled on apace and the family had almost forgotten the incident, but not so my father. At the regular meeting of the Quarterly Board in May he advised that body of officials that he would greatly enjoy the privilege of once more attending Conference the following June. This favor was readily granted, his name being sent up for a billet, and a certificate being given him by which his railway fare would be reduced according to the usual arrangements. If I am not mistaken, the Conference that year was held in the Elm Street Church, but I can't be sure. In any case father was there, and on hand in good time for the first session. A group of old friends gathered round him as he stood near the church door, commanding a view of everyone who might enter the building. After a time Dr. Carroll arrived, in his nervous, hurried way, with a great sheaf of papers in his hand, and paused to shake hands with his brethren. Father at once dropped behind until these greetings were over, and then suddenly presented himself to Dr. Carroll's astonished vision. He stared, and gasped for breath, and at last stammered out, "Why! why! I—, I—, I thought you were dead! How is it? How is it? I don't understand!" "Well, you see," said father, "I didn't exactly like being put under ground yet awhile, even to help fill up your book, so I thought I'd just come back and 'ghost you.' " "But, but," said the good doctor,

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utterly bewildered, "You didn't die. I—, I— thought you were dead." There was no end to the jokes and laughter caused by this incident; but when Dr. Carroll seemed unable to appreciate any of the fun, I have a fancy that father's kind heart misgave him about having carried his joke so far. Being a capital mimic, however, he was often induced in after years to reproduce the scene in which he "played ghost at Conference." And more than one young brother who had come in for an evening chat, homesick possibly, or depressed in spirit through overstudy, would become convulsed with mirth during one of these narrations, and would go away saying, "Well, that laugh has done me a world of good."

Just one more incident in the way of a practical joke occurs to me now, for which I feel sure our good father never suffered a single symptom of qualms of conscience. Even the tone of his voice in rehearsing it gave us to understand that he had acted under the impression that retributive justice was simple righteousness, and that, in this particular instance, it had fallen to his lot to administer it.

It so happened that at one of the appointments on the circuit the roadside schoolhouse did duty as church, town hall, lecture and concert room, and general place of assembly, whatever the public function might be. Three ministers, of as many denominations, held fortnightly services there, the Methodists and Anglicans alternating in the mornings and the Presbyterian minister coming every second Sunday in the evening.

A series of special services had been held, brother

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ministers from adjacent circuits helping occasionally, and the resident local preachers and exhorters cheerfully sharing father's extra labors. The "sheep" of the Presbyterian and Anglican flocks attended these meetings, variously moved no doubt, since, on the lowest plane of moral emotion, they made an interesting break in the monotony of country life; while the so-called "goats" attached to all three folds sustained, by their faithful attendance, the hopes of ministers, preachers and exhorters that a transforming work of grace was being wrought upon their hearts. Towards the close of the services two Scotchmen, whose doctrinal proclivities, if they had any, had never been known by any outward or visible manifestation of church preference, signified their desire to become members of the Methodist connection, or Wesleyans, as they were then called. These men had always been regular attendants at all the Sunday preaching services; but, being Scotchmen, it was taken as a simple matter of course, that the "Scotch Church," as the Presbyterians were locally known, would be the church of their choice. Therefore, when they rose up in one of the later meetings, gave clear evidence of change of heart and desire to lead new and better lives, father, without hesitation, put their names on his list of probationary members to be given six months' trial before being taken into full connection. Just here the trouble began. The quiet waters of the Presbyterian gospel-channel became much disturbed, and it was understood that the Anglican friends proffered outspoken sympathy. It mattered nothing that these men had been habitual drunkards and had figured in neighbor-

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hood broils and Twelfth of July fights for many a year, and that their homes and households were objects of almost contemptuous pity; they were Scotchmen, and it stood to reason that any betterment in their lives should go to prove the efficacy of the truth as preached by the pastor of the Presbyterian church. Said pastor was heard to remark that, "The Methodist parson must be hard up for pillars to his church or he wouldn't take such poor quality Scotch granite as Sandy McC. and Jamie F." This was told and retold with varying expressions of approval or indignation as indicating the sympathetic trend of the teller's feelings. Father heard it, of course, and said, "Scotch granite, well set, ought to make a good pillar for any church"; but to Sandy and Jamie the term, "Poor granite," struck home, and proved a galling reminder of their wasted lives; and many a time when temptations almost overwhelmed them, father's cheery smile comforted them, as he would shake hands and say, "Keep up heart, boys, you'll be my Scotch-granite pillars some day."

It so happened that one of the deacons in the "Scotch Church," a well-to-do farmer, but rather unfavorably known in the neighborhood for niggardliness and rigid Calvinistic views, occasionally found the enticing flavor of good Scotch whiskey more than he could resist, and as a consequence he had been found, more than once or twice, unable to find his way home without assistance. One night as father was coming home rather late from an outstanding appointment he was obliged to steer clear of a partly overturned, low buggy, the two side wheels of which were

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far down over the edge of the ditch, while the poor horse was straining every muscle to keep his own footing. Father's horse began to tremble and to whinny, as was his way when there was trouble on the road, and a little diligent searching revealed the form of Deacon McA. with his back resting comfortably against the side of the ditch. By dint of shouting and shaking he was at last roused to mutter, "Whoa, Nauncy! Wha div I tell ye?" "Whatever are you doing here, Mr. McA.," said father, with another vigorous shake. "Naething ava, naething ava! I'm jist med-a-tat-in' on thae Psalms o' Dav-id." Restraining his inclination to laugh, father proceeded to get the man out of the ditch, having first put his horse and buggy in safe position. By dint of skill, as well as strength, the deacon was persuaded to do the rest of his med-a-tat-in' on the way home, sitting on the floor of his buggy with his back against the dashboard. Father drove his own horse and led the deacon's till he reached the manse, where he secured both horse and owner from any probable mishap and then roused the good minister from his first sweet slumbers by a mighty pounding on the door. When the brother appeared, and rather formal good-night courtesies had been exchanged, father said, "You must excuse me for disturbing you, Mr. F., but on my way home, about an hour ago, I found one of the pillars of your Presbyterian Zion fallen from its base and it seemed to me that I could not do better than bring it back to you for straightening up and replacement."

Nothing more was said by either as father led the way to the gate where the two horses were tied. Quickly

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untying his own beast, and pointing with his whip to the huddled-up form of the deacon, father drove away. He never heard how the minister disposed of his recreant official, but from that day forward a truce was tacitly understood, if not openly declared, and before long the mortifying epithets, so trying to Sandy McC. and Jamie F., were dropped, if not entirely forgotten, and the two strugglers along life's upward pathways were father's staunch friends to the end of their earthly journey.

I may just say in closing this chapter that, while some of his ministerial brethren greatly enjoyed these escapades, either in the act or in the telling, others were troubled, and still others, with carefully trained consciences and minds devoid of any sense of humor, were sadly distressed. One such, at a genial Conference gathering, where father was the centre of an eager group of listeners, said, "Brother, have you forgotten the Scripture forbidding 'foolish talking and jesting which are not convenient?'" "That can't refer to me at all," said father, "for it's always convenient."

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW MRS. FLYNN SECURED DOMESTIC PROHIBITION.

THERE were incidents in my father's ministerial career that I fancy were never reported to the Chairman of the District, much less to the President of the Conference, and, therefore, I may venture, occasionally, to narrate one without fear of wearying anybody with the rehearsal of an old story. Not that he was at all given to breaches of discipline, or high-handed measures with his Quarterly Board; for he was peaceably disposed and loved fair play, and, therefore, was not likely to deserve censure along these lines from the rulers in high places of the Methodist Church. But there were occasions, more or less frequent, when he greatly enjoyed the exercise of his own judgment, and the use of such prerogative as seemed his by right of his ministerial position. If you feel so disposed, you may attribute it to prejudice on my part, but I candidly think that results would not have proved so satisfactory, had the questions under consideration been "laid on the table" to await discussion and decision by the autocrats of the Methodist Sanhedrin. To a certainty they would never have been the same.

Mrs. Flynn was a Methodist, though a casual observer would have discovered no visible reason why so

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small, and feeble, and altogether insignificant a specimen of womankind should have been exalted to such honor, unless, indeed, it was her meekness, which was so apparent as to be observable by the most unobservant. Not that it was obtrusive, or of the Uriah Heep variety. Not at all. It seemed to be so essentially a part of herself that it had become locally proverbial, and the neighbors were wont to say of anyone who exhibited an unusual patience under provocation, or sweetness of temper under snubbing, "Well, I declare, that's most as meek as Mrs. Flynn." Now, don't fall into the error of supposing that the possession of this sweet grace, in so unusual a degree, made Mrs. Flynn an object of envy among her neighbors, or even of admiration in its very mildest form. By no means. The men, when they spoke of her at all, were sure to add, "Poor little thing, God help her!" The women said, and they said it continually; and some gave their expression of opinion with more than ordinary vigor when their men-folks were within hearing, for, "thoughts are things," and why should good things be wasted? The women said, "Little fool, what do you suppose makes her put up with it? If she had the spirit of a mouse, she'd take her own part, or she'd leave," adding always, and with marked emphasis, "I know I would." This addendum was never contradicted, for every man in the neighborhood was loyal enough to the instincts of his manhood to despise that mean specimen of his own sex who would strike any woman, however strong and well-built; but the meanness of beating such a frail bit of a creature as Mrs. Flynn roused them almost beyond endurance. On

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this particular occasion there was a specially strong feeling of indignation throughout the community, because some of the neighbors had seen with their own eyes unmistakable evidence that Mrs. Flynn had received unusually hard usage. She had made up some sort of story about "falling down the cellar steps and striking her face with the pump handle"; but the men of the families living nearest had heard her pitiful screams in the night, and had gone to the house next day on one pretext or another to find out what had caused them. Indeed, two of them had dressed hurriedly, as soon as they heard the cries of distress, but by the time they reached the place the lights were out and there was not a sound to be heard. They knew that the poor bruised creature lied to them when she laid the blame of her disfigurement on the cellar steps and the pump; but these men, one of whom was her class-leader, and a particularly strict, good man, never thought of blaming her for lying, much less of rebuking her, for was it not the outcome of her true wifely loyalty, a quality in any woman to be commended under any circumstances whatever.

My father was the guest of the class-leader over the Sabbath, this being one of his fortnightly visits to the neighborhood, to meet the members for a class-meeting at three in the afternoon, take tea in turns at the homes of the various members, preach at half-past six in the little frame church by the roadside, hold a prayer-meeting afterwards, and return to the leader's house for the night. The earlier part of the day had been devoted to the spiritual upbuilding of other outlying flocks, the first service being at half-past eight,

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and the second at eleven, each succeeded by a meeting of the members in class, who felt themselves greatly privileged thus to receive counsel and comfort from the minister himself.

The good class-leader had, of course, related to his pastor the fact of his late outing the night before to see what was wrong at "neighbor Flynn's," and of his call at the house that same day, with comments on Mrs. Flynn's appearance, which included remarks far from complimentary to Mr. Flynn, couched in language much more forceful than the good man was in the habit of using either in class-meeting or before the minister. My father felt that the occasion warranted energy of expression, so let it pass, his mind intent on a plan for the helping of Mrs. Flynn, which, fairly early on Monday morning, he proceeded to carry into effect. In thinking the matter over carefully, he had felt convinced that Mrs. Flynn's meek forbearance was not the outcome of an unwomanly lack of spirit, but of a high conception of wifely duty, though plainly misdirected, and unwisely expressed in a too patient endurance. He found her diligently scrubbing the front room, into which the outside door opened. The floor was already so beautifully clean that only for certain spots here and there covered up with wet ashes, one might have thought she was doing it for the sake of exercise; but a look at the battered face and bandaged head, coupled with the neighbor's reports, and the reputation of the man who now lay in a dead stupor on the bed, which filled a recess between the big fireplace and the wall, convinced him that she was wiping out the proofs of her husband's cruelty. "Oh,

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sir," said the poor creature, "I'm sorry for you to find me like this. Indeed, I hoped you wouldn't call; me, that's always so glad to see you, and have you read a bit and pray with me; but indeed you mustn't think—" "There, there, Mrs. Flynn," said my father, "never stain your poor soul with another lie for the sake of a brute like that; my blood is up to boiling point as I look at you. I'd thrash him, myself, here and now, if 'twould do any good; but a beating from a man wouldn't help a bit; he's had that often enough. But I'm thinking that a taste of his own medicine, administered by a woman's hand, would do him a world of good. You wouldn't, of course, like to do it yourself, and you're not very strong, but if you could get some strapping big girl among the neighbors, who could be trusted to hold her tongue forever after, who would tie him up in that outside quilt, just as he lies there, and give him a downright good horsewhipping, it might be the means of saving his soul as well as your body. You see, Sister Flynn, desperate diseases require unusual remedies, and in this case the trouble is so deep-seated that I doubt me if even the Good Physician can reach it without you, as nurse, to carry out directions. I'll not come in this morning, but be sure I'll not forget you, nor the good work I'm hoping you'll have grace and strength to do."

Then he mounted his horse and rode away to make as many pastoral calls as the state of the roads and the exuberant hospitality of the people would permit, before starting for home at the far side of the wide-spread circuit. But his thoughts kept reverting to

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the house by the roadside, where he had left Mrs. Flynn with a new and peculiar light in the one eye open to observation, and a new resolve expressing itself in the sterner curves of mouth and chin. A certain roguish twinkle in his own eyes would have told anyone who knew him well that he expected definite results from this morning call, and that his anticipations of the probable outcome afforded him great amusement as well as profound satisfaction. He had studied the situation to good purpose, and the seed of suggestion fell into ground well prepared by the plough and harrow of affliction and the irrigation that comes only from the outpouring of heart-wrung tears. He knew that the wise little woman would trust no other woman's hand to apply the prescribed remedy; he knew, too, that there would be no delay in the matter of application, since to wait for any future opportunity involved such risk for herself that she would put into immediate practice the precept so earnestly enjoined by her pastor. Equipping herself with a darning needle and some strong twine she deftly encased the burly form of her spouse in the firm, home-made quilt on which he had thrown himself, boots and all, after venting his waking misery on her, and then comforting himself with another dram. When this part of the programme of administration was attended to, the little woman began positively to enjoy the situation and laughed softly to herself. The low ripple of her laughter reached the ears of her class-leader, who, in his anxiety on her behalf, had walked over from his own place when he saw the minister go away, and had peeped through a rent in the

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window curtain to see how she was faring. That laugh did him more good than any class-meeting experience she had ever spoken, however Scriptural or orthodox; and then he waited almost breathlessly for her next move, which, in his wildest fancy, he had not anticipated. Armed with her natural weapon, the broomstick, she proceeded with a surprising display of strength and agility to bestow upon the helpless form before her a series of attentions so altogether new and unexpected that it took the recipient thereof some time to realize how thoroughly their usual positions were reversed, how completely she had him at her mercy, and how truly in earnest she was to make the most of her present opportunity. At first he swore loud, fierce oaths of deadly vengeance; but when these availed him nothing he began unbraiding her for the unseemliness of her conduct, both as a wife and a professing Christian. These reproaches only increased, so it seemed to him, the number and severity of her blows, until finally he was driven to abject entreaty and to promises, to be attested to on solemn oath as soon as he should be free to do so, that never again while he lived would he "lift a finger to her." Just here, whether relenting or otherwise, she was obliged to stop from sheer exhaustion, and the observant class-leader, having an eye to a suitable climax for this domestic drama, opened the door and walked in. "I have watched this whole proceeding through that west window, neighbor Flynn," he said, "and I must confess that I admire your wife's way of dealing with you more than I can say, for if there ever was a man who deserved a thrashing, and that at the hands

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of the merest morsel of a woman, you're that man. Now I'll cut the threads and let you out if, before I do so, you'll kiss that blessed Book over there on the stand (he was a magistrate) and say after me, "I'll never strike my wife again, so help me God." This was done with creditable solemnity. The class-leader then proceeded, "If this matter were to get out among the neighbors you wouldn't have any peace of your life, not as much as a stray cat, so I give you my solemn word that I'll never breathe it to any living creature in the neighborhood while you keep your promise." This agreement was ratified by a tolerably cordial handshake, when Mr. Flynn, more sober than he had been for many a day, but sore from head to foot, and trembling with the strength and variety of the new emotions that so lately had surged through his entire being, was able to pull himself together.

Not a word was spoken for long enough after the class-leader's departure. Exhausted, and yet exultant, Mrs. Flynn cast fitful side glances at her husband, while he, in turn, gazed stolidly yet questioningly at her. At last he said, with a whimper, "How'm I to keep that promise when I'll not know a thing I'm doin'?" "Guess you better take the pledge," was her quick reply, as much to her own astonishment as his; "here's a place, right here in the Bible, and I'll get the pen and ink in a minute." "I guess that's the only way," he said slowly, and as sorrowfully as if by this his last hope of earthly happiness would be cut off. But he signed his name, though his bruised fingers could hardly hold the pen; and it is recorded in the annals of the neighborhood that he kept it, and

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to such good purpose that his home was made comfortable and tolerably happy. There was much wondering among the neighbors as to how this great change was wrought, but the quartette who knew kept silence.

This is how Mrs. Flynn legislated for prohibition; how she worked till the bill passed its final reading before the house, and secured, by one grand stroke, the expulsion of the liquor traffic from her dominion; the whole gamut of rights included in Female Suffrage; the respect of her neighbors, and a reasonable hope of her husband's salvation. I may add that, in the days of which I write, the star, which pointed suffering women to the far-off spot where their right to vote lay cradled in helplessness, had not yet risen, nor had Premier Whitney uttered those memorable words which excited the admiration and comforted the heart of Mrs. Doyle, the scrub-lady at the Toronto Parliament Buildings. It may not be amiss to give you that dear woman's sentiments:

I'm scrubbin'-lady at Parlymint,
An' sometimes whin I come fornint
The Praymeer's dure, I sthand a bit
An' chat wid him. He is so koind
I say whativver's in me moind.

He knows Jim Doyle's not much at bist,
An' that I've nivver a chance fur rist,
An' so he's always pleasant loike,
An' spakes so noice to little Moike,
An' thin he sez, sez he to me,
"Jist take it aisy, loike," sez he.

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Sometimes he'll poke a bit av fun,
An' say, sez he, "Yer Number One
As scrubbin'-lady, Missus Doyle,
Or brushin' up yer husband's coat
Instid av scra-a-min' fur a vote."

An thin sez he, an' how he'd stare,
"Ye wimmen aire so moighty quare,
I'm always wundrin at yez all,
It's sunshine now, and thin a squall.
Ye'll wash, an' scrub, an' cook our food,
Yit vote aginst us ef y' could."

"Now what," sez he, "in th' name av sinse,
D'yez want a vote fur? What offinse
Have yez agin the way things is
That yez can't be aisy an' contint
'S long's yer min can pay their rint."

"Yer Honor's jokin' now," sez I;
"Jim Doyle pay rint! Kin a ground-hog fly?
He votes, yer Honor, an' thin he talks,
An' whin I cry he laffs, an' mocks,
An' dhrinks, an' ates, an' makes big boasts
While I scrub flures to buy th' roasts."

"Yer Honor's a different soort," sez I,
But I've a wee gurl an' a b'y,
An' they're the hull wide wurld t' me
Fur now an' the years that is to be.
An' I'm workin' hard from morn till night
T' give thim schuliñ, they're so bright."

"An' so, yer Honor, jist because
Thim two are moine, I hate yer laws
That duzzent help me care fur thim
Nor kape me b'y frum bein' loike Jim.
Fur childer bright as thim I've nursed
Be licensed ayvils hev been cursed."

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“Me b’y may git t’ love th’ dhrink,—
It drives me crazy whin I think.—
What cares Jim Doyle? His party’s in,
He sold his vote an’ kin buy his gin,
If me dear, wee Moike larns to love it too,
Will the good Lord tell me pwhat I’ll do!”

“An’ me little gurl, wid hur laffin’ eyes,
As blue as the purtiest summer skies,
Wid her springin’ step, an’ her song so gay,
Happy as singin’-bird in May,
Wid her red-brown hair in a shiny curl,
Kin I kape her safe, me fair, wee gurl?”

“There air other mothers, I know,” sez I,
“An’ the tears on their cheeks is nivver dhry,
Fur the laws, yer Honor, as now they sthand,
Aire a burnin’ shame to a Christian land.
We want a vote fur our childer’s sake,
We’ll infooirse the laws that we help t’ make.”

The Praymeer coughed, an’ sez he t’ me,
“What air yez foolin’ fur?” sez he,
“A thruer word wuz nivver wrote,—
If yez ra-ally want fur t’ hev a vote,
Why, yez kin hev it,” sez he t’ me
“There’s nothin’ kin hinder y’,” sez he.

CHAPTER XVII.

FRIENDS OLD AND NEW OF LATER YEARS.

THE years came and went and so did our preachers. Some came with reluctance, and left us with regret; while some came gladly, were glad always that they had come, and went away glad in the thought that the people would be glad to have them come again. During these passing years, and on the panorama of events which marked their passing, though I can't just say where, Mr. D. W. Dumble, a young lawyer, with his wife and baby son, came to make their home in Peterborough. Mr. Dumble had been educationally nurtured at Victoria College, then in Cobourg, and doctrinally in the bosom of a fine Methodist family. Mrs. Dumble's maiden name was Harry, and the college joke was that "D. W. D. had married Old Harry's daughter;" but, unless I am sadly mistaken, the jokers were well paid in their own coin, sooner or later. The man or woman of real humor, you will find, never spoils a joke by undue haste, so this repayment may have been later. In any case, Mrs. Dumble came to us with letters of credit, stamped all over her dainty little person, face, voice and manner, all indicating the wealth of womanliness that through the years was to bless her own home, and radiate helpfulness wherever she went. Father was very fond of Mr. and Mrs. Dumble, but particularly so of the

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little lady who seemed to give him the reverent love of a grand-daughter. So long as he was able to perform the ceremony no one else was permitted to christen any of her babies, and great was his sorrow when his feebleness obliged him to refuse her last request for this service. Later on, when the grasshopper became a burden, and the keepers of the house began to tremble, and the sound of the grinding became low, then did this dear soul send daily from her household stores every delicacy that she thought might tempt the fitful appetite or sustain the failing strength, and the strongest inducement we could give him to taste some delicate morsel was to tell him that Mrs. Dumble had sent it. We shall always say, "God bless her, for her kindness to father."

It was while Rev. Charles Fish was in charge of the George Street Church, and when Rev. S. P. Rose, then just beginning his ministerial life, was junior pastor, that Elder Hawkins came to Peterborough. The programme was that he should preach on Sunday and lecture on Monday evening. Curiosity brought out a big congregation Sunday morning, as a lot of people wanted to hear the negro preacher without having to pay for his lecture, but if father and Mr. Fish were alive to-day they would bear me out in saying that never before had that church witnessed more convincing evidence of the presence and power of God. This was so manifest that no one would have been surprised by any outburst of overwrought feeling. The dark, expressive face was all aglow, as the rich, flexible voice gave, with a rhythmic cadence, Heaven's message of mercy to the unsaved, and quoted from Scrip-

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ture and hymn-book, with marvellous ease and discrimination, prophecy and praise, for the instruction of believers and the strengthening of their faith. In the evening the church was packed to the doors, and it required no extra shrewdness to predict that the lecture to be given the following evening would need no further advertising. A crowded house of eager listeners gave our colored brother the inspiration needed, if indeed he needed any, to make his lecture a success. His subject was "Southern Bondage Illustrated from Real Life." And he certainly made it very real, whether he told of good, kind masters, or of brutal ones, of stupid, idle slaves, or of those who worked with intelligent faithfulness. When he gave you a description of a negro service, you felt that you had been there yourself, seeing and hearing it all. When he told of a runaway slave hiding in the swamp, half-starved and wholly forlorn, yet dreading death far less than capture, the deep-drawn breaths of his audience seemed to come in gasps. And when, in husky tones, he described a slave market, and the partings between husbands and wives, parents and children, the strain became too painfully tense, and so with quiet tact he brought us away from the crater of pent-up feeling, and by humorous anecdotes led up to a closing appeal on behalf of those of his down-trodden race who had found their way to Ontario, and were struggling up through the darkness of ignorance and superstition into the light and liberty of the Gospel of Christ.

We thought that we knew father pretty well, and just what he would be likely to do under any ordinary

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circumstances, but he took us all by surprise when, in thanking the elder for the pleasure his lecture had given him, he said, "I want you to come and take tea with me to-morrow evening after you are through with your canvassing." A look of utter astonishment came over the dark face, and he hesitated for an instant before he answered, "I'll come, sir, if you wish me to, and be very grateful to you for the privilege." Father then turned and asked Mr. Rose to come, too, and he replied in his jolly, boyish way, "I thank you, Father Sanderson; I'll be as glad to come as Elder Hawkins." Mother was away at the time, but Mary and I determined that it should not be our fault if there was any flaw in the arrangements for that evening meal; but we took father a little bit to task for having asked Mr. Rose to tea with our dusky guest. "Don't you fret," said he, "S. P. said he'd be glad to come, and I believe him, but if he's not, why, he isn't the boy I've thought he was, an' I'll be sorry I've wasted so many good stories on him." Father was right; he came, and so did Elder Hawkins, and we had a most delightful evening. There was no air of patronizing kindness on the part of the host or his younger guest, and, except for an almost painful humility in the manner of the one-time slave, these were just three Christian gentlemen met together on a perfectly equal social footing. After tea father asked me to show the elder some of my little songs, and the dear man seemed very pleased and said, if I would allow him, he would have some of them set to music and sung in his meetings. It had been one of my longings, from childhood, to send

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out messages of hope and comfort, to be sung into the hearts of earth's saddened ones, and now my longings were to be satisfied, for who could need hope and comfort more than these, whom man's abuse of power had so cruelly wronged. When he was going away, Mr. Rose helped the elder on with his overcoat with every mark of respectful kindness, and offered to see him to his lodgings. He sat down to buckle on his overshoes, and I saw him slyly wiping away the tears, then he turned to father and said, "This is nearer heaven than I ever dreamed of—to be a guest in a gentleman's house, and made welcome at his table and among his family. Mr. Sanderson, how can I make you understand how much this is to me?" Father gave his hand a hearty shake and said, with a strong suspicion of tears in his voice, "Take all the comfort there is in it, brother, go on your way, and God go with you." After they were gone—Mr. Rose and the elder—father said to us girls, "I knew he'd measure up, that good boy, Rose!"

The preachers came and the preachers went—Rev. Mr. Brock, Rev. G. H. Davis, Rev. Joseph Locke, and then, I think Rev. N. R. Willoughby had charge, with Rev. Coverdale Watson as colleague. These two very quickly assumed most filial relationship with father, and as for Mrs. Willoughby, no daughter could have been more thoughtful and attentive. We used laughingly to say that our dear old dad had more lady admirers than any of his sons. Mr. Watson was a special favorite, and pleased father very much by going over the points of his sermons with him, and then by coming in after Sunday evening

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service to go over the same ground with the new shadings of the light of Truth that had come to him while he was preaching. "Do forgive me, Father Sanderson," he would say, "I'm afraid I tire you." "Not a bit of it," would be the ready reply, "I really enjoy it, and, besides, it's a good way for you to cool down."

It was somewhere about this time that we were honored by having Rev. Dr. Douglas with us for a few days. The memory of that visit will be a fragrance in our lives to the very end of the journey. How brave he was, and how cheerful, in spite of the sad affliction that left him so dependent on others. It had been found impossible for Mrs. Douglas to accompany him on this trip, and so we girls had the joy of being daughters to him during his stay. We were rather given to hero-worship, and Dr. Douglas was a Christian hero whom we felt it to be a rare privilege to serve. To know how helpless he was physically, and then to hear his grand voice pouring forth the matchless eloquence which seemed to sweep everything before it, was to realize something of the overmastering power of a soul in the conquest of adverse conditions.

As the years went by some of the old friends crossed the border line into the world unseen, and new ones came, not to take their places, but to make places for themselves, and in proportion to their ability to build individual niches and to hold them, did we learn to value them as friends. You, no doubt, as well as we, have met scores of people, nice sort of people, too, who never by any possibility could

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become anything more than acquaintances, though meeting daily for many years, while others so impress you, that almost before you are aware, they have secured a place in your heart-life, into which they fit so naturally that they seem to have been there always. They are old friends whether they come to us early or late in life, and whether their years double our own or quarter them. So we found Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Dixon and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Jeffers, the McNeils, Dr. and Mrs. Fife, T. W. and Mrs. Robinson, the bright household of Keele, the Clarkes of Ashburnham, Miss Blasdell, a clever teacher from across the line, Miss J. R. Panton, Mr. and Mrs. John Braden and their brother Tom, Mrs. Braden's pretty sister, now Mrs. R. Junkin of Toronto, a new Mrs. Thos. Bradburn, young and winsome, and a host more of bright young people, the children of old-time friends, who, even to this day, are dear to us because of those pleasant Peterborough associations.

The older ministers, by their kindly frequent intercourse with father, kept him in touch with all the movements of the Church as a whole, and if they enjoyed these visits half as much as he did, and as we did, too, the aggregate of happiness was something to be envied. Rev. William Burns was one of these, who, though in years more of a son than a brother in the ministry, always brought with him such an atmosphere of quiet strength and abounding good cheer, that he was ever a welcome guest. And here I must pause to pay tribute to the dear woman who journeyed with him along life's pathway and the still more rugged path of the Methodist itinerary.

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What a true, brave soul she had, and what noble work she did! Mrs. Burns was a Christian of the clear-cut type, without compromise with wrong of any description or any degree; but she had a heart so expansive, and a charity so sweetly tender and so grandly broad, that the wings of her sympathy seemed to spread and cover the farthest stretch of human need. For many years of my own life-journey I found her a friend of priceless worth.

Among the ministers, there were younger men coming to the front in those days, because of varied excellencies of ability, as well as character, and these, in the freshness of their zeal and the springtide of their sympathies, were eager to talk with such an old veteran as father, one who had known most of the rigors of Canada's Methodist campaign, and who was still infectiously interested in every plan and movement. Among these were Rev. F. H. Wallace, whose lovely wife became one of our choicest friends; Rev. Thos. Manning and good, kind Mrs. Manning; Rev. J. A. Jewell, who married a dear friend of my girlhood days; and the still younger men, just beginning their life-work, W. Rutledge, T. J. Edmison, J. E. Starr, John A. McCamus and D. Winter, and a bit later on R. N. Burns, newly-fledged for itinerant flights. I hope that in that happy upper world it was given his blessed mother to know that his brethren thought well enough of her boy to make him President. Even up yonder I think the essential motherhood of her would rise to a higher conception of the sacrament of joy.

But to go back to father, he began now to "fight his battles o'er again," and even to glory in the hard-

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ships and difficulties that had been his in full measure in the early days of his mission work, when a bridle-path through the woods was often his only way of reaching an appointment, and when he shared with a hearty goodwill the meagre fare of the dear people who gave him of their best with many apologies that it was not better. Hunger and joyous communion with saintly souls, who gave expression to their own heavenly beauty, by making the wilderness to bloom, made up for any lack of dainties, and some of his sweetest memories were of the hours spent with such as these, to whom his coming was ever a joy and comfort; for not only did he bring them fresh draughts from the fountains of living waters, but gracious fragments of news from the great throbbing world beyond their wilderness, for which their eager human hearts still yearned. As he recalled these pleasant scenes, it always did us good to see how much he enjoyed making them live again for his preacher-boys.

I have adhered to facts throughout my little story, though, occasionally, by way of averting father's imagined displeasure, I have done the best I could not to spoil any pretty tale by a stupid way of telling it. But I am fully aware that I have failed to write of people and events with chronological exactitude; therefore, good friend, ministerial or otherwise, bear with me, as father used to say in his sermons, if you find yourself slipped in, either before or after your time, in this narrative of things as I remember them.

It occurs to me now that it was at the Conference of 1874 that the New Connexion Methodists united

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with the Wesleyans, not only in Ontario, but in the Eastern Provinces. Father said then, "I'm not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but you'll all live to see the day, whether I do or not, when there'll be but one Methodist Church in Canada." It seemed to him such a travesty on the unity of true discipleship that there should be so many branches to this beautiful candlestick in the Lord's great tabernacle. Had he lived three years longer he would have gloried in the greater Union which was won for the cause by the famous debate at the Peterborough Conference of 1883. We who did hear that debate and grew to admire the men on both sides, could not help wishing that father could have heard them too, especially when Dr. Alex. Sutherland spoke; for many a time when the doctor had told a good story at a lecture or missionary meeting, father would laughingly say, "Bless that dear man for his wit! How I wish I could claim him for Ireland!" If, too, he might have heard the Hunter brothers, Dr. Rice and Dr. Briggs, who helped to make that Conference historic in Canadian Methodism.

During the last two years of his life his fierce old enemy, asthma, gave up the fight and left him in peace, and as his use of the pipe was begun on the recommendation of his physicians in various places in order to soothe the spasms of coughing, he began now to think that he ought to give up smoking as merely a habit, since his cough had ceased, and as a useless expense. But he had reckoned without his host this time, for by the end of the second day every nerve in his dear old frame was on the rack, and by

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the third day he was positively ill. The doctor came; but getting no satisfaction out of his patient's replies, and puzzled to know why his nerves were in such a state, he went to mother and learned how things stood. He urged every reason he could think of to induce father to get his pipe and take a few whiffs, just to see if it would lessen his suffering, but no, he declared that he had no money to spend on tobacco, and he certainly would not allow his girls to spend their hard earnings on an indulgence like that. On going away the doctor told Mary that he would not answer for the consequences, as the break was too sudden, and father too old, for such drastic measures, even for the sake of a worthy principle. Mary lost no time in writing to me at Alderville, where I was trying to teach the wee red people to shoot something of more importance than feather-tipped arrows; and by the time I had finished her account of our good doctor's ultimatum, and her closing words, "We all feel sure that you'll find some way to manage this thing," I had planned what to do, and how to do it, so as to overcome the dear dad's scruples, without tempting him to yield an iota of his principle not to spend any money, nor allow any to be spent on such a selfish gratification. Not a minute was lost in carrying out my plan, nor many more before making an arrangement to go home the next Friday evening or Saturday morning to see for myself how it had worked. I was shocked by the change a few weeks had made; but mother assured me that it was only the suffering of days, not weeks. However, some kind old friend had sent him a fine big package of choice tobacco, and

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while enjoying it in great moderation his nerves had toned up and he was again his patient, cheerful self. Presently he brought me a short letter in a rather shaky hand, and asked me to read it and tell him which of his old-time friends could have written it. Of course I wasn't able to solve such a problem as that, but if the dear blue eyes had been as keen as of yore, he would have noted a very tell-tale flush on my face; as it was, he just said, "Well, may the good Lord thank him, whoever he is, for he saved my life, I think, and I didn't have to lower my colors, either." Whatever the ultra-scrupulous may think about my part of the affair, I shall always be glad that I had wit enough to come to the rescue in just that particular way, which gave him pleasure to the end of his days. If there is any repenting to be done, I haven't yet realized the necessity. Mother did not know till years afterwards, and Mary, for a time, had only her own suspicions, so she was safe under cross-examination; the only one who could have thrown light on the subject was our friend Arthur A., who never could remember about the various parcels he made up, there were so many, and then he persuaded father that no doubt his old friend wanted to obey the Scripture injunction and keep his left hand, or his name, entirely out of the business.

The new George Street Church had been built, and we were all very proud of it, and when the trustees dedicated a comfortable pew near the pulpit to "Father Sanderson and his family," the dear dad's gratitude and pleasure were touching to see; but, as usual, the expression of these emotions was original

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and unique—"Think o' that, children! a pew in the new church, near the pulpit and the side door, to be mine as long as I live! Sure, I don't know if it's a prince or a beggar I am!" But, little by little, his humorous sallies ceased; and, little by little, the grasp on earthly things was loosened; he slept a great deal and ate very little. Occasionally he would be roused by the call of a friend, or by a question relating to the well-being of some of the family, and then, like a flash, the old brightness would return, and the clear grasp of thought, but the flash was only momentary, and the succeeding apathy greater than before. In conversation, during these brief seasons of mental activity, he would quote texts and verses of hymns with perfect accuracy, showing that it was only the medium and not the mind that was beclouded. He could scarcely bear to have mother out of his sight, and once when she said, "I must go down stairs for awhile, my dear, but one of the girls will stay with you," he answered, "The girls are all good, but I want you, dear." I was with him to the last, and his latest articulate words were, "My Lord! My Lord!" And so in the early afternoon of Friday, August 13th, 1880, he "fell on sleep." Death's gentle hand wiped away every trace of suffering, and even of old age, until we seemed again to see the father of our early years. The trustees of George Street Church had the building draped in black for his funeral, which took place the following Sunday. The funeral service, which was conducted by Rev. Dr. Harper, the pastor in charge, was deeply impressive, but as beautifully simple as he would have wished. In the centre of the

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communion table was a large, lovely bouquet, while at each end was a sheaf of ripened wheat. Above these appropriate texts of Scripture were placed.

In Dr. Harper's obituary notice, published in the *Christian Guardian* some weeks later, I find these words: "In the ranks of the ministry of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Canada, with an unsullied record, and 'in labors more abundant,' Father Sanderson nobly stood until his failing health and strength convinced him and his brethren that his active work was done. In his circuits he was beloved by his people, and respected by the community at large. His last days were associated with much physical suffering, which he bore with true Christian fortitude and resignation. He had no transports of joy, but solid comfort and abiding peace, the results of his unshaken trust in the merits of his Divine Redeemer."

Father's dislike of the custom of "going into mourning" was so great, that he made us girls promise not to wear black clothes as tokens of our grief for him. It was a hard thing to do, but we kept our promise out of respect for his wishes.

Just twenty years later mother followed him home, and we laid her to rest beside him in beautiful Little Lake Cemetery at Peterborough. If we, who are left, live as they lived, we shall do well.

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TO MY SISTER MARY.

“My sister, my sweet sister, if a name
Dearer and purer were it should thine.”—*Byron*.

So wrote a bard of other days,
And so write I, dear heart, of you,—
Words suited only to the few,—
Words soft and gentle as the dew,
Yet charged with force of fervent praise.

I know not if that other one
Was dark, or fair, or grave, or gay.
I know not if her eyes' soft ray
Gave token of her mind's bright play,
Or if her hair of gold was spun.

I only know he loved her well,
That brother with the titled name,
With poet soul and heart of flame,—
A man to love, whate'er his blame,
To gently judge, howe'er he fell.

I doubt not that his praise was sweet,
Nor that his love met full return,
Howe'er the world at large might spurn,
Or sister's heart in secret mourn
O'er wanderings of a brother's feet.

It may be that his inmost soul
Was held in leash by this pure love.
His heavenly origin to prove,
Howe'er his wilful heart might rove
All heedless of its sweet control.

I may not say, I only know
That love is sweet, and true, and strong,
That love can never sanction wrong,
And must by right to heaven belong,
Whence all its streams of sweetness flow.

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My sister! thus I think of you,—
My dearest on this earthly plane,
Since we have suffered mutual pain,
And, through our loss, made clearer gain,
I read your soul, I find you true.

I read your soul, and there I see
All noble thoughts, all motives pure,
Cabled to anchor strong and sure,—
Divinely forged, so must endure
Past all earth's doubt and mystery.

I read your heart, and there I find
The bud and leaf of endless spring,—
Glad impulse, ever on the wing
The largess of your love to fling
By hands that know but to be kind.

I read your life. Its open page
A running innocent may read,—
Most true, most pure, in word and deed,
No cunning schemes, no touch of greed,—
A life to dare an angel's gauge.

And so, while sister ties are sweet,
And you are mine by that dear bond,
You're mine far more since you respond
To claim of kinship far beyond
The line where mere relations meet.

My sister is my dearest friend,
And so my bonds are doubly dear,
And life holds naught from year to year
We may not share without a fear
That I shall fail or you offend.

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I do not think I've held you back,
And you have ever urged me on
To where the clearer sunlight shone,
And cheered me, when with race half run
I halted on life's rugged track.

My dearest! Earth can never hold
A sweeter sister, truer friend,—
It is my joy our souls can blend,
And that you'll love me to the end
With love that never can be told.

